

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BENSON

"No real American wants to be subsidized."

Artist: Jean Varda

Great Ideas of Western Man

... ONE OF A SERIES



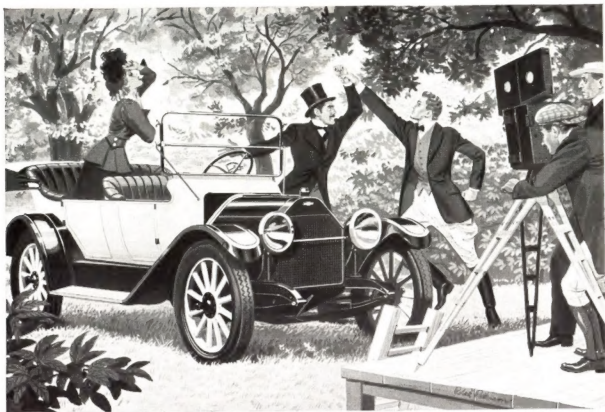
EPICETETUS on doing right

When you do a thing because you have determined that it ought to be done, never avoid being seen doing it, even if the opinion of the multitude is going to condemn you. For if your action is wrong, then avoid doing it altogether, but if it is right, why do you fear those who will rebuke you wrongly?

(The Manual, circa 100 A.D.)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



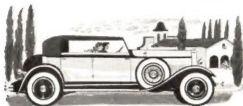


1913 CHEVROLET "Baby Grand" was one of the first of this make. Its 4-cylinder, valve-in-head engine put out 24 h.p. A modest price of \$750 to \$1,000 helped make it a success.

TODAY AS YESTERDAY

cars run their best on the best gasoline

1953 CHEVROLET offers a new 115-h.p. "Blue Flame" engine on all Powerglide models. Color-matched interiors and optional power steering are other new features for Chevrolets.



1931 LINCOLN, with a Derham custom body, is regarded by many to be the forerunner of today's "hard-top convertibles." The roof was fabric-covered, and center posts between the windows folded down for an "open" feeling.



1907 APPERSON could do 90 mph in the days when people bragged of 45. But you had to pay \$15,000 for one of these speedsters. The Apperson was the nearest thing to a racing car that you could get from a regular car dealer.

IN 1913 an automobile buyer had scores of makes and models to choose from. But no matter what car he picked, he got very little power.

Today, any make you choose has plenty of power. A modern high compression engine is designed to whisk your car up steep hills without effort . . . to give you quick response in traffic . . . and to provide the safety of reserve power.

To make sure you get all the power your engine can deliver, fill your tank with "Ethyl" gasoline. It's the high octane gasoline that helps modern engines develop top efficiency. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.



**ETHYL
CORPORATION**

New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada



Packaging help for the product in today's "Help Yourself" market

As more and more products are called upon to sell themselves without the aid of a sales clerk, the demand grows for packaging that attracts the shopper's attention . . . packaging that, through transparency, gives the product a chance to speak for itself . . . that adds the look of *extra-value* to tip the scales and make the sale.

Thousands of products—foods, hosiery, candy, men's accessories, lingerie—get this selling lift from Acetate plastic film. This transparent packaging

film, a development of the Plastics Division of Celanese Corporation of America, has an eye-catching sparkle, crystal clarity . . . it is smooth and flat . . . resists water, grease, oil and constant handling . . . is readily and economically made into wraps, bags, and rigid containers of beauty and durability—highly convincing salesmen in today's "help yourself" markets.

Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*
Celanese PLASTICS

SOLEX Heat-Absorbing Glass

cuts down sun glare...adds to your driving comfort



ENJOYABLE DRIVING. With summer fast approaching, it is time to make sure that your car is equipped with green-tint Solex—in the windshield, as well as in side and rear windows. For, with Solex, sun-glare is greatly reduced and less solar heat enters the car. All of this means increased safety on the road, more comfortable and enjoyable driving. Why not see your car dealer or auto glass shop soon for full details?



POPULAR SLIDING DOORS open your home to the ever-changing beauties of the outdoors, to be relished from the comfort of your easy chair. When these panels are fitted with Solex your pleasure and comfort are even greater. That is because Solex transmits about 75% of the total solar light, while absorbing 50% of the total solar heat.



SUBURBAN SHOPPING. At the Neiman-Marcus Preston Center Store, Dallas, Texas, Solex-Twintow creates this charming patio wall. Such windows combine the benefits of Solex, with the high insulating value of Twintow, "the window with built-in insulation." Architects: De Witt and Swank, Dallas, Texas; Interior Designer: Eleanor LeMaire, New York City.

SOLEX

*"the best glass
under the sun!"*



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there's a **NEW '53**

PLYMOUTH



John and Rosemary like good things. They wear smart clothes, select fine foods, enjoy a night at the Opera or an afternoon at the Art Museum. They also take great pride in the automobile they drive. At their Plymouth dealer's, they're just naturally attracted to these three sleek body types.



Cranbrook Belvedere. John likes the solid top and the wide open spaces with the windows down. Rosemary likes the smart styling, wants to drive this number to Country Club luncheons. Looks of a convertible, comfort of a sedan. 24 body finishes, 15 harmonizing interiors. Chrome wire wheels at extra cost.



Bob and Edna don't see too much of each other during the week. Bob's on the road, selling. A car, to him, is a daily necessity. That's why this couple takes the practical approach. They want dependable transportation. At their Plymouth dealer's, they carefully consider these three economical cars.



Cambridge Business Coupe. A removable back seat is available here to please both Bob and Edna. Bob takes the seat out during the week to make room for his sample cases. Then, on week ends, the seat is put back and Edna has herself a family car. For still more space, the huge trunk compartment is $\frac{1}{2}$ larger.



Bert and Emily have three youngsters, a dog and a mortgage. While these people have to keep a careful eye on their budget, they also proudly maintain certain living standards. At their Plymouth dealer's, they find both the value and quality they desire when they look at these three beautiful family cars.



Cranbrook Four Door. Parents like its many safety features. Greater glass area affords better visibility. Electric windshield wipers don't slow down when you step on the gas. Big Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes mean surer stopping. In case of blowout, famous Safety-Rim Wheels let you slow to a controlled, safe stop.

for every taste, every need, every pocketbook

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



Cranbrook Savoy. Goes for gala social events in a big way. Also, mighty handy to have around when you're thinking of golfing, fishing, camping, gardening and the like. Carries six in comfort and style. Or fold away the back seat and drop the tail gate to get almost eight long feet of level load space.



Cranbrook Convertible. Something to see—and be seen in—with the top up or down. Turns on the sun, shuts off the rain, automatically. Full-width rear window made of clear, pliable plastic; folds with the top itself. And, of course, this snappy performer has Plymouth's famous balanced ride.



Cambridge Four Door. The more you drive, the better you'll like it. And thousands of miles from now, those full-depth cushions will be just as comfortable. The engine, with its increased horsepower and higher compression, will be just as responsive and trouble-free. Almost any cab driver will tell you that.



Cambridge Club Sedan. Newest addition to Plymouth family. Bob likes its sedan roominess. Edna likes its two-door compactness, especially when the children are in the back seat. And, as in all two-door models, the $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ front seat division lets back seat passengers enter without disturbing those up front.



Cambridge Suburban. The sturdy, versatile car with 101 family uses. It's the school bus, the vacation special, the station taxi. Bert likes all that cargo space when rear seat folds into floor. Emily likes the attractive plastic upholstery that's so quickly and easily cleaned with soap and water.



Cranbrook Club Coupe. Emily is working for the day when she can have one of these for her very own car. As in all new Plymouths, glove compartment is located in the center of the instrument panel, easily accessible to both driver and passengers. Ignition key starting with automatic choke.

We're set for summer driving!

DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS



"You can't have good engine performance without good spark plugs. So, get the best—get CHAMPIONS—and you, too, will be

SET FOR SUMMER DRIVING."

—says WILBUR SHAW, President, Indianapolis Motor Speedway and
3-Time Winner of the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race

LETTERS

Princetonian Democracy

Sir:

The March 23 article, "A Matter of Background," is incredible. Princeton and the Ivy League have a reputation for traditionalism. The preservation of decent tradition is a worthy thing, but the blind clutching at outworn and bankrupt tradition is not only unworthy, but in this instance vicious. The *Daily Princetonian*, in commenting on this effort to include all in the notoriously undemocratic upper-class eating clubs, has concluded that some students "did not have a social background which would fit them into the Princeton system," and inquires "Was it fair for the university to admit them?" . . .

To see an eminent university cling to a tradition of snobbery is alarming . . .

JAMES V. COMPTON
Princeton, '50

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . Princeton as well as the whole Ivy group has never worried about the blood lines of its students, rather are their family's bank accounts given prime consideration. And everyone knows how easy it is and has been to purchase a respectable social position in this country . . . It seems peculiar that only those students of the past four years would provide reasons for questioning President Wilson's "democracy" . . .

JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.

Haverford, Pa.

Sir:

. . . Because of our error in article placement, TIME took a report of some current thought regarding Princeton's club system

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TIME
April 13, 1953

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Number 15

TIME, APRIL 13, 1953



"HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!"

"Last time I heard about you," said Tom, the paymaster, "you were under a pile of steel in the warehouse. The boys said you'd never reach the hospital alive."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "That was five months ago. Now look through that box of yours and you'll find a paycheck for me. I've been back on the job a week."

"A miracle?" asked Tom.

"Call it that if you want. When I got out of the hospital three months ago, after they fixed up my crushed pelvis, they wheeled me into the Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center. Last week I *walked* out. But don't think I sat around waiting for miracles. They've got people there who knew just what to do for a banged-up fellow like me. Exercises, learning to walk a few steps, more

exercises... first thing you know I was climbing stairs, even running. Now I can swing my old job just as good as ever. So hand over that paycheck..."

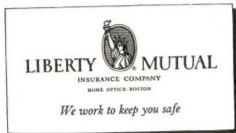
Everybody gains when a badly injured worker is returned to work and normal living. He and his family gain most of all. His employer regains the services of

a loyal, experienced worker. And compensation insurance costs are kept down.

Rehabilitation is part of Liberty Mutual's Humanics program. The complete program brings together all activities for preventing accidents and for reducing loss when accidents happen.

All parts of the program — Industrial Engineering and Industrial Hygiene, Preventive Medicine, Rehabilitation and Claims Medical Service — are directed to cutting down loss in all forms.

This program can help you cut your compensation insurance costs. How... and how much... you can find out by calling or writing the nearest Liberty Mutual office. Or write to us at 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Mass.



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and its relation to admission policy to be an expression of editorial policy, which it was not . . . The university has always considered an applicant's character and school activities as well as scholastic standing in its admissions policy. The *Princetonian* favors more thorough interviewing to more effectively gauge these factors, but opposes any consideration of "social background."

H. WILLIAM ROLLINS
Chairman

The *Daily Princetonian*
Princeton, N. J.

The Alsops & Project Lincoln

Sir:

An answer is rather loudly demanded by *TIME*'s [March 30] story, "Magnet Line of the Air," about our recent series on Project Lincoln and the air-defense problem. *TIME* asserted that our "implication that Lincoln was the Government's prime concern collapsed like a pricked balloon," when subjected to careful checking . . . We wrote (that) the Lincoln findings are being "seriously considered" by the President and "actively discussed" by the National Security Council . . . Let us look at the facts:

The Lincoln findings have been on the National Security Council agenda for at least five of the seven weekly meetings of the council. They have been actively discussed each time. The Lincoln findings are also being studied in detail by two important advisory groups, whose verdict the President has indicated he will probably accept. One group—the "Seven Wise Men" as they are called at the White House—was formed by the President himself to consider the level and nature of the American defense effort. The other—a special committee on the air-defense problem headed by Mervin Kelly of the Bell Laboratories—was formed by former Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett and requested to continue its work by the President. It was the President who insisted that the Lincoln findings remain on the Security Council agenda, so that the problem should not drop out of sight of his highest advisers. The President also took the step of briefing the Republican and Democratic congressional leaders on the air-defense situation . . .

But self-justification is not the primary aim of this letter. We are chiefly concerned, rather, because *TIME* has encouraged its readers to dismiss as trivial and inconsequential a problem that is enormous and urgent. The evidence suggests that *TIME* borrowed its attitude from the Air Force. As we wrote in our series, the Lincoln report bypassed the Air Force, and was presented directly to the National Security Council and the White House. As we also stated, the air generals not only resent this "end run"; they also have a professional deformation on the subject of air defense. They say "Offense is the best defense." They warn against a "Magnet Line of the air." What they really mean is that an air defense may compete, especially for appropriations, with the Strategic Air Command.

One does not need to be a strategist or a scientist to see the flaw in the air generals' argument. We might rely exclusively on the Strategic Air Command if we had a fair chance of striking the first blow. But it is assumed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff themselves that the first blow, if struck at all, will be struck by the enemy. If we have no air defense, we thus concede to the enemy the opportunity to devastate our cities and our industry, and perhaps to cripple the Strategic Air Command itself by destroying its bases. If we have no air defense, we are only to retaliate after being devastated. Surely this cannot be accepted . . . The truth is that the reasoning of the air generals only makes sense if this country is planning preventive

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Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher



Now More Than Ever The Finest!...Roomier, Easier To Load And Outperforms Any Other Dishwasher! ...Saves Your Wife Over An Hour's Work Every Day!

BY ANY COMPARISON, this remarkable new Hotpoint is the greatest dishwasher ever built. It washes every dish, glass, pot, pan and piece of silver *twice*—automatically dispensing a fresh supply of detergent for the second wash. It then *rinses* every piece twice and *dries* each in pure electric heat!

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*Dealers are listed in most classified phone directories.



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How Good a Value IS Meat?



THE best way to figure the value of anything is to compare *what you get out of it* with what you pay for it.

According to a study of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, if you are an average American, you spend 24% of your food budget for meat.

The meat you get for this 24% of your food money, gives you approximately

- *63% of your protein (in the form of complete protein)
- 47% of your food iron
- 28% of your phosphorus
- 42% of your vitamin B₁ (thiamine)
- 24% of your vitamin B₂ (riboflavin)
- 79% of your niacin
- (plus generous amounts of other B vitamins including the important B₁₂)

*Percentages of daily dietary allowances based on recommendations of the National Research Council for an average 154-lb. sedentary man.

There's still another way to judge the value of meat—that's

to compare the price you pay with what the meat packer pays the farmer. Department of Agriculture figures just published show that meat is brought to you at a lower service cost from farm to table than almost any other food.

But how do you place a value on the pleasure which you measure for yourself every time you sink your teeth into a juicy forkful of meat?

Did you know

that Americans eat on the average, 60 million pounds of meat every day... that it takes the combined services of more than 4,000 different meat packing companies to supply it... that the meat packing industry is noted for the many services it performs for a profit that averages less than 1¢ for every 3 pounds of meat you buy?

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

war within the short time of grace still remaining.

Maybe the scientists are wrong. That does not alter the fact of their findings or the fact of the Administration's response to those findings. It seems to us that these undisputed facts are pretty big news in any league, deserving better than dismissal with an easy sneer, and especially from a publication which has always shown TIME's intelligent interest in defense problems.

JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP
Washington

☐ TIME assumes that President Eisenhower feels privately what he said publicly. He told his press conference that a committee appointed by the past Administration had submitted a report (Project Lincoln) which he had not studied in detail. No general conclusions, he said, had been reached on it in the National Security Council, the Cabinet or anywhere else. TIME does not dismiss as "trivial and inconsequential" the problem of defense and counterattack against Russia. But it does not hold that a group of scientists necessarily knows more about air defense than the military, nor does it believe that the U.S. will vanish from the face of the earth in two years unless it adopts Project Lincoln.—Ed.

Sir:

I am pleased that TIME so aptly put that Abopian table in proper perspective.

FRANK H. BUCK JR.

Danville, Calif.

Pretty Picture

Sir:

After so many grim, world-weary, weather-beaten faces, you at last come up with Rosalind Russell—a clever chick who evidently does what every American woman should do: happily enjoys life and living to the fullest and shows it! Your March 30 cover and story was a joy...

JANE FRANCES MATHIS

Tulsa

Sir:

By far your handsomest cover... It gives the illusion of something wonderful inside.

BILL B. FRYDAY

Norman, Okla.

Monstrous Picture

Sir:

Where did Artist Chaliapin get that monstrous picture (March 23) of Malenkov? It would be more fitting on the front of *Weird Tales* than on TIME... I really shudder to think that this man might have some influence on the lives of my two small sons...

STANLEY SPRECHER

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Sir:

I think your cover was a masterpiece of symbolism. Malenkov stands before death's doors of the No. 1 man of a flaming past. Will he follow to a blazing red hell, or shut the doors to a dark future?

R. E. PRAGER

San Francisco

Mr. Malik Explains

Sir:

In your March 23 issue, I read that those who voted for General Carlos P. Romulo as a candidate for Secretary General of the

All Crooks don't look dishonest—



Somebody you'd never expect to commit a crime may be the very one who breaks into your home. And, with 47 burglaries occurring every hour* in the United States, it's important that you provide your home and family with the right kind of protection. This means the maximum security of a

*according to FBI crime reports

Yale lock! You'll find Yale locks to suit your needs at your hardware dealer's. Select yours today and relax tonight knowing your home is guarded by Yale—the finest name in hardware.

—and it all began with a key!



THE SECURITY OF YOUR HOME CALLS FOR LOCKS LIKE THESE



YALE PADLOCK—Weather proof, smooth working. This rugged brass lock provides the security you need indoors and out.

YALE NIGHTLATCH—Good looking, good security. Put this sturdy watchman on all your exterior doors for extra protection.



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RAND Royal 2362—Brown calf, cushion insole, 2362—same in Burgundy.



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Vincent J. Coyne, Vice-President & Managing Dir.

United Nations were: the U.S., China, Colombia, Greece and Pakistan. There is an error in this listing. Lebanon voted for General Romulo. I checked the secret ballot and dropped it in the ballot box with my own hand. Consequently, at least one of those listed by you did not vote for him.

CHARLES MALIK
Representative of Lebanon
on the Security Council

Minister of Lebanon in the U.S.
Washington, D.C.

The Cloth & the Congressman

Sir: Some will differ with your estimation of ex-FBI Agent Congressman Velde when you say that... "a Congressman who thinks he is going to investigate churches needs to pound the beat a while before he gets promoted to the plainclothes squad [Trib., March 21]."

A Communist is where you find him, and like the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, cannot seek sanctuary behind a calling which is diametrically opposed to this ruthless philosophy.

ROBERT FAIRBANK

Merro Bay, Calif.

Sir:

What makes TIME feel that the pulpits of America are immune to infiltration of Communistic ideology? The halo surrounding some of our pulpits is a lovely pastel pink. The teachings of a social gospel present a most fertile ground for any liberal preacher to lean toward the "left." Remember, the church teaches that "none is infallible." This also includes the clergy.

ARTHUR FLAMING

Pastor

Mennonite Brethren Church
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sir:

That yapping you heard was not from the American church members, but from the same pack of leeches who snap at the heels of any who try to expose their ilk... Why shouldn't the churches be investigated?

MAMY L. BURROUGHS

McMinnville, Tenn.

Oregon's Owl

Sir:

I just read your unfair remarks about Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse in the March 23 issue. Morse is the best man the Western states have in the Senate. His tactics are a little extreme, but effective; and he is a good check on steamroller legislators. He may "chatter" like "a jay," but what he says sounds more like the Wise Old Owl.

BEULAH HAND

Milwaukie, Ore.

Sir:

Wayne Morse is about the biggest egotistical glob of worthlessness in the Senate's pot today, for my money.

C. HESSER

Walla Walla, Wash.

U.S. & British Titles

Sir:

In your March 9 issue, I read a review of my son's book, *I Joined the Russians*. I am amazed at the impartiality and understanding shown by your judgment of my son's attitude during and after the war. It is more than many of his compatriots were willing to do.

I regret, however, that you did not say that the book's British title is *The Shadow of Stalingrad*.

IRENE EINSIEDL

Campbellville, Ont.



Delco's Sensational new **"Favorite Station"**

Signal-Seeking Car Radio

Here is an entirely new idea—the nearest thing to a completely satisfying automobile radio ever developed! It's the new Delco "Favorite Station" Signal-Seeking Radio, a sensational new model that combines push-button tuning of any five pre-selected stations with Delco Radio's now-famous signal-seeking mechanism. With this advance-type radio you can instantly select your favorite local station by push-button, or, by using the signal-seeking device, any station within range can be brought in. What's more, you can readjust the push-button mechanism to get any combination of five stations in a matter of seconds! To appreciate how this amazing, all-new automobile radio will add to your driving and listening pleasure, ask to have it demonstrated by your car dealer.

DELCO RADIO

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
KOKOMO, INDIANA



Tuning Instantly Readjusted!

To readjust push-button tuning to any new combination of five stations, you merely move five small sliding red tabs until each is opposite a desired station. As you leave one area you can adjust to a new local group of five stations.



Signal-Seeking Tuner Works Automatically!

Press the station selector bar and the Signal-Seeking Tuner travels across the dial until it encounters a station signal. Another touch of the finger and the next station comes in . . . up to 50 stations can be received in many localities!



Safety with Listening Pleasure!

Owners of this new Delco Radio can operate its Signal-Seeking Tuner without taking their eyes from the road or their hands from the wheel . . . by depressing a foot control switch on the floor board! This feature is optional.

Across the years

HOW A HUNDRED YEARS AND A BILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS HAVE



LEVI P. MORTON
Director,
The Home Insurance Company, 1853.
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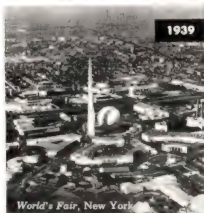
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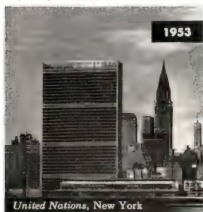
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

With the warmer spring weather, and with the northward migration of millions of birds, two of TIME's writers are beginning to hear more questions about their favorite spare-time activity—prowling the woods and fields looking at birds, counting them, imitating their calls and studying their habits. For them it is an all-weather, year-round pastime which calls for old clothes, field glasses and an abundant knowledge of bird lore. They know, for instance, that a robin sings, not because he is happy, but because he has just staked out a claim to a clump of trees or a bride, and his song is a chirp-on-shoulder challenge to the rest of the robin community.

The two writers, longtime members of the nation's fast-growing legion of field birders,* are Gilbert Cant and George Daniels. Why do they study birds? Both are a little vague on the subject, except to say that, once they started doing it, they liked it so well that they kept at it. Cant began as a small boy in England, where he saved the illustrated cards that came in packages of cigarettes. There was one series on birds. Says he, "That got me interested, and I started hiking around the countryside and beaches of England. I got dozens of books on birds from the public library. I guess the satisfaction of birding starts with actually seeing the birds that one has read about."

Daniels' initiation was somewhat more opportunistic. He was keeping company with a girl whose father was a serious ornithologist, and who once asked Daniels if he liked birds. "Sure, I love birds," answered Daniels diplomatically. So the girl's father took him along on a birding excursion, and Daniels has been fascinated with the sport ever since. (He also married the girl, no birders herself.)

Both Cant and Daniels are members of the Urmor Ornithological Club in New Jersey. Cant, who was president of the club for two years, credits the late Charles Anderson Urmor, for whom the club is named, for bringing him "out of the wild-bird stage." Cant has never totaled the birds he has seen on

four continents and dozens of Pacific islands, but he was once a member of a party that sighted the only western grebe ever seen in New Jersey. Daniels has a "life list" of some 800 different species. They include about 100 he has seen in Europe and 50 more on a recent trip to Jamaica.

Cant, who is now training one of his two sons in the sport, has also organized an "area count" in the national Christmas census of birds—a tabulation of the numbers and kinds of birds in various areas in early winter. A similar count will be made next month. Last year Cant, Daniels and James Baird, a graduate student in ornithology at Rutgers University, set out to break the record of 173 species of birds seen in one 24-hr. period in New Jersey. They found 169, ran out of time. They tried again, and this time they ran into



CANT & SON JOHN
Why the robin sings.

some zealous police in Chatham, N.J. The birding team, whistling to attract screech owls, was walking around behind a gas station, carrying flashlights and dressed for tramping through salt marshes, when the cops noticed them. For about 20 minutes the birders showed various identification papers, repeatedly swore that they were only looking for birds, and gave references. But the police were adamant; two homes in the vicinity had been broken into that night. Finally, when Baird produced a Government bird-collecting permit from Daniels' car, the police reluctantly released them.

The hazards of birding are not confined to such unexpected brushes with the law. Daniels and Baird once saw the only spurred towhee ever identified on the East Coast. To pin down the discovery, Baird got out his .410-gauge shotgun. Daniels worked around to the other side of the bird, moving it closer to Baird, but was obscured from Baird by the foliage. Finally Baird said he was going to shoot. A faithful bird

to the end, Daniels covered his face with gloved hands, bravely replied: "Go ahead." Daniels was peppered with fine dust shot, but the towhee got away. The next day Baird went out with a 12-gauge shotgun, brought down the bird and sent it to the U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service. Daniels, happily, was out of range at the time.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

* Most field birders defer to their more scientific brethren, refuse to call themselves field ornithologists. They also feel that the more common lay term of birdwatcher is undisciplined and inaccurate, and would be more appropriately applied to "dicky birders," who retain the fledgling illusion that birds sing because they are happy.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Time of Truce-Making

In an essay on the proposition "That the Hour of Truce-Making Is Dangerous," Michel de Montaigne recalled: "[The Spartan King Cleomones] made a seven-day truce with the people of Argos, then attacked them on the third night while they were asleep and expecting no harm; the excuse he gave was that the [seven-day] truce made no mention of nights."

Every day last week brought new conciliatory words and deeds from the Communist camp (see INTERNATIONAL). The U.S., long braced against insult and aggression from that quarter, was perplexed, a little scared, and in some danger of losing its balance because of the unexpected yielding of its adversary. The U.S. had to face the probability that the new Communist attitude was more than a flurry, that it might be continued for months or years. What did the Communist moves mean? How should the U.S. meet them?

At first, the most common U.S. reaction was skepticism. Asked what they thought of the Communist overtures, plain people and statesmen said: "It's just another trap," or "I wouldn't trust those rats," or "They're trying to fool us again." Said Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper: "I don't see any sincerity in it . . . They have a completely ulterior purpose."

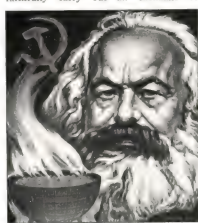
Optimism cropped out here & there, too. Said North Dakota's Senator William Langer: "I believe the Russians are sincere, and I don't think they're trying to divide us from our allies at all."

Hot Diplomacy. Neither 100% skepticism nor wide-eyed optimism will be adequate to guide U.S. policy now that hot diplomacy has been added to cold war. It would be folly to accept the sincerity of Communist long-range peaceful intentions as stated by Malenkov in his oration at Stalin's funeral. It might be equally disastrous for the U.S. to turn its back on all new arrangements with the Communists on the ground that Communist aims cannot be trusted. It is true that the Communists intend all deals to work to their advantage and to U.S. disadvantage, and that they will break any deal it is to their advantage to break. Despite this, the U.S. can make many deals that will work to its advantage—and it can do so without trusting Communists.

The Communist moves are not peaceful in intent, but the U.S. aim must be to

handle them so that the result works for peace—by what President Eisenhower calls "self-enforcing treaties." The Reds may not mean what they say, but the U.S., if it plays its cards right, can make them act as if they did. Nobody runs out on a deal when he will clearly lose more by breaking his word than by keeping it.

The Communists may agree on and faithfully carry out an exchange of



KARL MARX

World revolution is still the goal.

wounded prisoners in Korea, and from there go on to an exchange of other prisoners. They can then agree to a Korean truce. A truce will be good or bad for the U.S., depending on its terms, on U.S. ability to enforce them, and on other countermoves which the U.S. and the Communists make in Asia.

If the U.S. leaves a weak and divided Korea, if it lets Red China into the U.N., it will serve notice on all Asians that the Communists are winning the struggle for Asia, and millions of Asians will drift to the Communist banner. But a Korean truce does not have to be that kind of truce, either in its terms or its enforcement.

Situation of Danger. Between them last week, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles defined the two sides of U.S. policy toward Communist conciliation. Dulles said: "Nothing which has happened, or which seems to me likely to happen, has changed the basic situation of danger." At his press conference, Eisenhower said that the U.S. should accept at face value the Communist peace overtures, and proceed in the hope of making agreements.

The two statements are not contradictory. The U.S. does not and will not trust Communists on their promises; but it will seek arrangements with them in which the U.S. relies not upon Communist sincerity but upon its own strength.

This necessary policy is difficult and dangerous. The danger will increase if the Communists actually carry out some commitments, and thereby again delude Americans and others with the notion of Communist "sincerity." At the moment, the non-Communist world is fairly well united, but it was welded in the intense heat of stubborn and reckless Communist aggression. If the heat is removed, will the weld hold? Or will there be a revival of French neutralism, British intellectual anti-Americanism, and another rise of Communist fellow-traveling in the U.S.?

Many of the fellow travelers of the 1930s are now anti-Communist on the superficial ground of Stalin's postwar rapacity and bullying. They have not yet learned that international immorality is a built-in essential of Marxist doctrine, that world revolution is the real and unchanging goal of all Communists, whether they are blustering or cooing.

Marx believed that capitalism would destroy itself by wars between capitalist states and by other "contradictions." Stalin, shortly before his death, emphasized his belief in the same proposition. Now the U.S.S.R., by easing the Communist heat, is acting on a basic Marxist belief, and hoping for disunity in the non-Communist world. It may get that disunity on Korea, or on Germany, or on many another issue.

"The time of truce-making is dangerous"—especially for those who sleep during the truce.

THE PRESIDENCY

News Source

At his sixth press conference, the President again made a lot of news—enough to give the New York Times nine major stories from the conference. Samples:

¶ A reporter's request for an analysis of the Communist peace offensive got a reply that disclosed the Administration's attitude toward the new Communist peace offensive. Without forgetting past history, the President said, the U.S. Government should take at face value every offer, until it is proved unworthy (see above).

¶ The President answered mildly and clearly a storm of provocative questions

about the McCarthy affair (see below).
 ¶ Ike quickly scotched a report that he would leave the cutting of U.S. combat strength to Secretary Wilson. The size of our armed forces, he said, would conform with what he always goes back to—George Washington's old precept of a reasonable posture of military defense. The responsibility for cutting would not be one that he would delegate.

¶ Reciprocal trade agreements are being re-examined carefully, the President said, and it is still too early for comment. Meanwhile, he favored extension of the agreements for one year.

¶ Newshen May Craig was worried about the Government's huge surplus butter stores (TIME, April 6), and Ike indicated that he was worried too. He hoped that

grass wafted through the open windows of Dwight Eisenhower's office. The President, like most Americans, responded to the beck of spring, tried to fit a little fun into the pressing routine of work. Last week he:

¶ Spent nine full hours (running right through lunch) in conference with members of the National Security Council and its seven civilian consultants. Their main topic: the recent Communist moves.

¶ Sent Congress the third of his reorganization plans, a proposal to streamline the complex and far-flung mobilization agencies, bring them together in a central, permanent Office of Defense Mobilization, and nominated Arthur S. Flemming as director of the present ODM. Under the new plan, the Munitions Board and the National Security Resources Board would

silver-plated, frontier-model Colt six-shooters, on display in his upstairs quarters.

¶ Set in motion an order to strip an estimated 2,000 second-echelon Government executives of Civil Service protection, permitting Republicans to take the jobs.

¶ Bade farewell to his old friend and wartime comrade, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, after telling Monty that his regiment, the Royal Warwickshire, had burned the White House in 1814.*

THE WHITE HOUSE

Mob Scene

By the time guards threw open the White House gates at 9 a.m., a crowd of 500 was waiting to get in. President Eisenhower had revived a local tradition, the Easter Monday egg roll on the White House lawn, started in 1877 by Rutherford Hayes and abandoned twelve years ago by Franklin Roosevelt. The Eisenhowers really didn't know what to expect, but the gardeners began a week in advance preparing for the worst, installing storm fences, comfort stations and drinking fountains.

At 9:35, David and Barbara Anne Eisenhower, carrying Easter baskets, came outdoors to join the fun. David distributed five souvenir eggs to pleading adults. Between the screaming crowds and the photographers, the Eisenhower kids soon wearied of the show, retreated to the White House.

No one seemed to know what to do at an egg roll. Some bowled eggs across the greenward; others tossed them high in the air with occasional disasters. The aid station was busy with minor cuts and bruises. Most people just pressed against the fence, peering eagerly at the south portico. By noon, the grounds were a dreadful mass of mashed eggs, gooey chocolate marshmallow, melting jelly beans and picnic midden. Most unexpected casualty: a press photographer lost both shoes.

At 11, the President greeted the rollers from the balcony. Then, with his daughter-in-law, David and Barbara Anne, he walked into the midst of the mob. As the people closed in, making retreat impossible, Ike picked up his granddaughter. David was bumped so hard he lost another half-dozen eggs. Ike's retreat was cut off. Finally a flying wedge of Secret Service men led the Eisenhowers out a side gate, back to the White House by way of a side street. Said Ike: "I didn't think the kids would take such a beating."

When it was all over and the last of 30,000 egg rollers had departed in an April drizzle, the gardeners began a cleanup job that may take two weeks. Surveying the mess, Chief Gardener Robert Redmond was philosophic. After all, he said, "egg shell has a certain amount of lime in it."

* Ike was wrong. The British force which captured Washington included no Warwickshires. The Warwickshire Regiment was more than 500 miles away in Toronto (then York), had recently participated in the Peninsular War, leaving many wounded and sick troops in Bordeaux.



BARBARA ANNE EISENHOWER & FRIENDS
 A photographer lost both shoes.

Congress would give him the responsibility for finding outlets for the butter before it spoils. It would be a crime to civilization and to ourselves, he added, to allow it to spoil. He couldn't imagine anything worse when people are hungry.

¶ A query about Republican prospects in 1954 drew a smile and a quick reply from the President. It is just as simple as looking at the palm of your hand, he said. If the Republican Party can show as its record over the next two years a progressive, sane program of accomplishment, which takes care of the welfare and interest of all our people and doesn't give itself away to any group or class, and if that program is properly advertised, the G.O.P. will be back with a very greatly enhanced majority.

Magnolia Time

At the White House, the magnolias were in full bloom and a fountain, surrounded by orange tulips, splashed beguilingly. Gardeners gave the lawn its first spring trim, and the smell of new-mown

be abolished, and planning, production and stockpiling for defense would be left almost entirely in civilian hands.

¶ Played 36 holes of golf, including one round with his new friend and old adversary Bob Taft as partner: Taft with a 94, Ike with a 93 lost to their opponents, a Washington attorney, John McClure, and Stanley Rowe, a Cincinnati elevator-company president.

¶ Nominated Kenton R. Cravens, St. Louis banker and longtime friend of Treasury Secretary Humphrey, to be head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Cravens' mission will be to bury the RFC by June 1954, transfer its shrunken functions to the Commerce Department.

¶ Made public, through a White House announcement, the titles of his favorite books: the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

¶ Put his medals, decorations and awards, including four sables (one encrusted with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the gift of Prince Feisal of Saudi Arabia) and two

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Infringement

In the Page One furor about Senator Joe McCarthy's "blockade by subpoena," there was a rapid changing of tunes last week. Originally, the Wisconsin Senator boldly announced that he had succeeded where the State Department had failed: his investigating subcommittee had "negotiated" an agreement with Greek ship-owners to prevent 242 merchant vessels from carrying cargoes to Communist ports. In answer, Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen boldly told McCarthy that he was "undermining" the State Department. Then the rewriting began.

With an air of "we'll see about this," McCarthy asked Secretary of State John Foster Dulles for an appointment. Dulles invited McCarthy over to lunch. For 75 minutes, Lawyer-Diplomat Dulles and Lawyer-Senator McCarthy ate and talked. Then they issued a weasel-worded joint communiqué.

Wrist & Hand. "It was noted that cooperation and advice of members of Congress is helpful," said the prepared statement. However, "it was pointed out the dangers that would result if congressional committees entered into the field of foreign relations, which is in the exclusive jurisdiction of the Chief Executive."

The communiqué went on: "Senator McCarthy . . . pointed out that neither he nor his committee had made or contemplated making any agreement with any . . . foreign shipping groups, but that, as a byproduct of the committee's investigation, certain foreign shipping groups had voluntarily agreed among themselves to abstain from participation in the Communist China trade and inter-Soviet bloc trade, a result which both Secretary Dulles and Senator McCarthy felt was in the national interest . . . Senator McCarthy further advised that if in the future similar information would be developed it would be promptly communicated to the proper authorities."

Foster Dulles had slapped McCarthy's wrist, but he had also held his hand. Reporters surrounded McCarthy and asked about the wrist slap, and about McCarthy's new melody. How did it happen that his negotiated agreement had been reduced to a voluntary byproduct? Said McCarthy: "I don't recall what I said the other day." When a reporter pointed out that he had used the word "negotiations" (it was in the first line of his publicity handout), McCarthy asked: "Did we?" Then he headed for a holiday in Florida.

Happy & Not Unhappy. That left the hand-holding to be asked about. Reporters trooped into President Eisenhower's press conference to fire question after question on Dulles' failure to stand behind Stassen. The President was calm. He didn't think that McCarthy was really trying to take over the executive's responsibility for negotiating international agreements. How could McCarthy or anyone negotiate if he had nothing to com-

mit? He didn't think that McCarthy's act, even if it were an error, was serious enough to undermine the State Department's efforts. Perhaps Stassen meant to use the word infringement (instead of undermine), said the President. He was not unhappy with McCarthy or with Stassen. Relations between the executive department and the Congress were getting better and better, and he wasn't going to let a little incident disturb him.

That was a cue for Stassen, who fixed a broad smile on his broad face and sang his new song: the President was right; infringing was a better word than undermine. He was "happy" about the outcome. His main aim had been to get McCarthy to acknowledge that the President and the State Department are responsible for for-



McCarthy in Florida
"I don't recall what I said."

eign policy. Said Stassen: "This point has now been won."

Some confusion in the Eisenhower ranks had been apparent throughout the incident. Dwight Eisenhower's Administration obviously was trying to avoid the kind of public brawl that punctuated the administrations of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. Accomplishing this laudable aim would require better staff work and more political skill than the Administration displayed last week.

ARMED FORCES

An Old Soldier Fires Away

On the parade grounds at Washington's Fort McNair last week, with ruffles & flourishes, a 17-gun salute and a review of the troops, the U.S. Army marked the retirement of General James Alward Van Fleet. But Old Soldier Van Fleet 61, on the inactive list after 38 years of service including 22 months as Eighth Army commander in Korea, was not yet ready to fade away. The morning after the cere-

monies, he went back to the Capitol Hill firing line and expanded on his earlier testimony (TIME, March 16 *et seq.*) about the Eighth Army's "serious shortage of ammunition."

Operation Stopped. Disturbed by Van Fleet's revelations last month, the Senate Armed Services Committee formed a special five-member subcommittee, headed by Maine's able Margaret Chase Smith, to spotlight "the officials and conditions responsible for the shortages." At the subcommittee's first hearing last week, Van Fleet told the Senators that in June 1951 he "recommended to General Ridgway, who was then the Far East commander, that we follow [our May counteroffensive] with an amphibious landing on the east coast, and had such an operation well prepared for execution. And that operation was stopped."

Senator Harry Byrd: Who stopped it?
Van Fleet: As far as I know, General Ridgway.

Byrd: You don't know where his orders came from?

Van Fleet: No, sir.

Byrd: And you believed at that time that you could have secured a rather decisive victory had you been permitted to continue your offensive?

Van Fleet: Yes, sir.

This exchange made the hearing's only headlines. Most of Van Fleet's testimony was a reprise of things he had said before. He stuck to his guns, insisting that shortages of ammunition—especially of mortar and 155-mm. howitzer shells—had made it impossible to "plan adequate defensive fire, harassing, interdiction and counterbattery, to keep the enemy from launching an attack." Asked whether he had enough ammunition to halt a Chinese offensive, Van Fleet replied: Yes, but only because "the Chinese cannot maintain an offensive for more than a few weeks. They do not know how." Van Fleet got strong supporting fire from the subcommittee's only other witness of the week: Lieut. General Edward M. Almond (ret.), commander of the X Corps under MacArthur, then Ridgway, then Van Fleet. Almond called the testimony of his ex-boss "sound and complete," said that delays caused by ammunition shortages had "interfered with aggressive operations calculated to defeat the enemy."

Counterattack Readied. After listening to Van Fleet and Almond, subcommittee members were surer than ever that some types of ammunition had been in chronically short supply in Korea.

From the Pentagon floated rumors that high Army brass was sharpening long knives for a counterattack on Van Fleet. The brass would find that he was well entrenched on Capitol Hill. One Senator wrote to Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens asking that Van Fleet be kept on active duty "because the country needs him." And Styles Bridges was so taken with Van Fleet that he offered him a job as military advisor to his Appropriations committee. Van Fleet promised to think it over.

THE CONGRESS

A New Mr. Atom

In their soundproof hearing room, members of Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy broke a three-month deadlock (TIME, March 23). By unanimous vote last week, they elected New York's Representative W. Sterling Cole as their chairman and Iowa's Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper as vice chairman.

The deadlock had lasted through six meetings of the committee. Six times the members had divided right down the middle: eight Senators for Hickenlooper, eight Representatives for Cole. Then House Speaker Joe Martin and Senate

Although a member of the Armed Services Committee since 1946, Cole talks as much about disarmament as armament. In 1950, he expressed doubts about the morality of the hydrogen bomb, pointing out that it is a weapon for mass destruction. He also doubted whether it was practical, asked: "Is it worth the hundreds of millions of dollars needed to produce it?" The same year, he introduced a resolution for world disarmament to be directed by the United Nations.

Cole thinks the U.S. Government should tell its people more about atomic energy, and feels it could do so without violating security. On the other hand, he vigorously opposes giving any secret atomic information to the allies, even Great Britain, because "they are too lenient with traitors." Confident that the U.S. is far ahead in atomic development, Cole nevertheless sees a great, new field to conquer. Said he: "We have advanced so far in stockpiling and capacity to produce A-bombs and weapons that we can afford to turn some of our attention to the development of atomic energy for industrial power."

Tidelands

The 15-year-old dispute about U.S. "tidelands" moved another slow step toward decision. Last week the House of Representatives passed (285-108) a bill to give coastal states title to the submerged land which lies from the low water mark seaward to the states' historic boundaries (10 miles in the case of Texas and the gulf coast of Florida, three miles for all other states). The Senate is expected to pass a tidelands bill differing in detail from that of the House.

POLITICAL NOTES

Rumblings from the West

The Republican Party in California is divided into three factions. On top is the machine run by Senator William F. Knowland and Governor Earl Warren. In opposition are 1) a conservative wing led by Lieutenant Governor Goodwin J. ("Goody") Knight; 2) the Young Turks, who more or less look upon Richard Nixon as their leader. Nixonites and Knowland-Warrenites got especially sore at each other during last year's presidential campaign. Never enthusiastic about Nixon's vice-presidential candidacy, Warrenites failed to come to his support when the "Nixon fund" squall broke. Then, after the election, Knowland took over control of Republican patronage in California. Since then, Senate Republican Policy Chairman Knowland has channeled into federal jobs several Californians who are in the bad books of Nixon's followers.

When Knowland last week recommended Laughlin E. Waters, chairman of the California Republican Party's central committee, for appointment as U.S. attorney for Southern California, some California Republicans predicted a hot war between Nixonites and Knowlandites. Waters is especially displeasing to Nixon, who accuses him of sitting on his hands during

the campaign. But, both future presidential possibilities, Nixon and Knowland want to avoid an open break. Public squabbles would do neither man any good and might damage the Republican Party—not only in California but nationally. The two men stay on good terms outwardly, try to keep their rivalry behind the scenes as much as possible. At week's end, as if to show that the Waters recommendation had created no hard feelings, Senator Knowland announced that he had recommended two California Republicans for appointment as customs collectors. "after consultation with Republican Party leaders in California and with Vice President Richard M. Nixon."



CHAIRMAN COLE
A retreat on the Hill.

Majority Leader Bob Taft stepped in. Martin convinced Taft that the Representatives were right in their contention that the chairmanship should alternate between Senate and House. Taft persuaded the Senate members to retreat from their stand that a Senator should always head the committee.

"Stubby" Cole, the new Mr. Atom of Congress, was born at Painted Post, N.Y. (1909, 24051) 40 years ago this month. He made Phi Beta Kappa at Colgate (class of '25), taught school for a year, graduated from the Albany Law School of Union University in 1929, began practicing in Bath, N.Y. He was elected to Congress in 1934 at 30.

The short, grey and handsome Cole is married, has three sons. Is an elder of the Bath Presbyterian Church. His most active interest beyond work and family: good food. He imports Cheddar cheese from his district (New York's new 37th—the Binghamton area) and passes it around on the Hill. California's Representative Leroy Johnson keeps him supplied with Bing cherries, which Cole soaks for a year in bourbon to produce his own excellent cherry liqueur.



SURROGATE HALL
A call at the White House.

New Chairman?

Dwight Eisenhower and other top-echelon Republicans last week agreed on a successor to G.O.P. National Chairman Charles Wesley Roberts. Their choice New York's Nassau County Surrogate Leonard Wood Hall, 52, a tall, bald, former U.S. Representative (1939-52), and onetime chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee (an experience that would be valuable for the national chairman in the 1954 congressional elections).

The first man to boom Long Islander Hall for the chairmanship was House Speaker Joe Martin, who toured the world with him in 1951. Then Governor Tom Dewey stepped in behind his fellow New Yorker, although Dewey and Hall, old friends, had recently been on opposite sides of a factional fight in New York. Hall traveled with Eisenhower during most of the campaign last fall. After a call at the White House last week, Hall smilingly said he would take the job if it were offered to him.

This week the national committee is to meet in Washington to make it official.

AGRICULTURE

Apostle at Work

(See Cover)

When Ezra Taft Benson was asked to become Secretary of Agriculture last fall, he told Dwight Eisenhower: "General, no salary in the world could persuade me to take the job." Benson began to give like his reasons. First, he had not supported the Eisenhower nomination, had been for his distant cousin, Bob Taft, instead. Well, said Eisenhower, so were a lot of other patriotic Americans. Secondly, said Benson, he had often voiced doubts as to whether a military man should be in the White House. Answered Eisenhower: All the more reason to get good civilians in the Cabinet—like Benson. Benson's third reason was the one he felt most strongly: he was a clergyman, one of the Twelve Apostles who guide the Mormon Church. No clergyman should have to take a job where politics might compromise his principles. That was the opening for Ike Eisenhower's clincher. "Mr. Benson," said he, "we have a mandate from the American people to restore their faith in the U.S. Government. Surely you agree that that is a spiritual job?"

In the eleven weeks since Apostle Benson took office, he has found that his job, if not always spiritual, is one that requires all the fortitude and dedication of a Brigham Young. Benson is a big (6 ft., 220 lbs.), open-faced 53-year-old who looks younger, has the ruddy complexion of one who has spent years in the fields (which he has) and the hearty smile and firm handshake of a Boy Scout leader (which he is). He adheres to the old-fashioned philosophy that God helps those who help themselves. Benson quotes the Bible to show how he applies this dictum to farming. Not through Government handouts, says he, but "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Benson believes that "no real American wants to be subsidized." For holding to these beliefs Benson has been caught in a whirling political storm. His principles have not been twisted by the blow, but the force of the gale is mounting.



Illustration by St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"HAUNTED STORAGE HOUSE"
In between, blue potatoes.

Props & Prices. Benson has to buck a phalanx of entrenched (by Civil Service) Agriculture Department bureaucrats, many of whom have come to think of themselves as the masters of U.S. agriculture. He has to bear responsibilities far heavier than the average citizen realizes. Not only does the law require him to support the price of a dozen commodities, but it also gives him discretionary power to support any farm commodity produced in the U.S. It follows that the Secretary of Agriculture is likely to be blamed by some farmers if the price of any farm commodity drops.

The pressure on Benson is vastly multiplied by the fact that when he took office farm prices had been falling for months—and some are still going down. The Eisenhower Administration and Congress have these choices: 1) let prices fall; 2) support prices while limiting production by Government fiat; 3) support prices without limiting production, which might mean that the Government would buy a greater and greater share of more and more commodities.

All three courses have precedents. A long fall in farm prices is painfully associated with political disaster and nationwide

depression. The Government restricted production during the early New Deal, when Henry Wallace's farm policy called for killing pigs and plowing under every third row of cotton. The Democrats later switched from a policy of scarcity to one of abundance—and Government buying of surpluses. Charles Brannan, Truman's Secretary of Agriculture, said: "I would never lose a wink of sleep if my policies led me to overproduction of some crops."

Brannan had the happy experience of operating largely in the years of almost insatiable markets. World War II, European reconstruction and the Korean war brought abnormal demand. But in a few commodities, the philosophy of expanding production at guaranteed high prices glutted even the hungry postwar markets—and with some disastrous results. The classic example was the great 1948-50 potato glut; millions of bushels, bought by the Government to support prices, had to be dyed blue and kept off the market. Net loss to the U.S. through the potato program: \$478 million.

The potato crisis of those years may now be repeated in a number of other (and more basic) crops. Neither the New Deal nor the Fair Deal solved the farm problem. In the mid-'30s, artificial scarcity concealed the problem; in the 1940s, temporary high demand obscured it. Now the old question, shorn of its camouflage, has landed on Benson.

16-to-1 Shot. His starting point is clear. In his first days in office, he said: "[Farmers] should not be placed in the position of working for Government bounty rather than producing for a free market." What Benson advocated was price supports high enough to "provide insurance against disaster," but not to guarantee profits to the inefficient.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when farm-bloc politicians began trumpeting the alarm. Benson, they said, was "leading down the road to disaster"; his stand "could wreck agriculture." Washington buzzed with the word that Benson's head would be first on the chopping block in the new Administration. Benson was new in politics; he was amazed at the



BENSON FAMILY FARM IN CACHE VALLEY
"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Joan Gerds

attacks. But since then, with his mail running 16 to 1 in favor of his stand, he has stuck to his free-enterprising guns—at least in principle. The day-to-day struggle that centers around his office is exceeded in intensity only by the pressures on Secretary of State Dulles and Secretary of Defense Wilson.

Early to Rise. Benson has taken command of his vastly complex task with the calm assurance of an able administrator, the energy and prayerful devotion of a Mormon missionary. A committee worker who believes, like every good Mormon, in cooperative endeavor, he has already streamlined the huge Agriculture Department so that only four men, instead of 20, report directly to him. Up at 5 and usually in his spacious, paneled office by 7:30 or 8,

Within a day, Benson had cut through all the red tape, arranged for transportation and the necessary permission. Benson matches prayer with a tither's cash: at least 10% of his \$22,500 Cabinet salary goes straight to the Mormon Church.

Eight-Wife Man. The new Secretary of Agriculture, who comes from a long line of Mormons, started with a tough row to hoe—a row of sugar beets on his family's 160-acre farm in the Cache Valley of southern Idaho. His paternal great-grandfather and namesake, an early Apostle and eight-wife man in the days when Mormons advocated plural marriage, accompanied Brigham Young to the Salt Lake desert; his grandfather was born in a covered wagon as the family moved across the plains. Ezra himself was born in a two-

up converts. Many a Newcastle oldtimer still refers to him fondly as "our Benson." Said one last week: "He spoke with the voice of God."

Home again in 1923, Ezra made straight for Flora Amussen's doorstep, and proposed. But the Mormon Church stepped in again. This time it was her turn to do a missionary stint in Hawaii. Benson enrolled in Brigham Young University, where he matched Flora's reputation by being voted most popular man in his class, and graduated with honors. One professor recalls: "He was the smartest agriculture student I've ever had." Finally married in 1926, Flora and Ezra set off in a model T pickup truck for Iowa State College, where he had won a scholarship. They picked out their diet with free samples of hickory squash and buttermilk from the agricultural school; within a year Benson had his master's degree, and went back to run the family farm (now owned by a brother).

Potato Pusher. He became a county agent, toured his area teaching new farming methods to the oldsters and building up 4-H Clubs for the young. He made such a name for himself that he became an economist for the University of Idaho's extension service at the age of 30. He helped boost the new Idaho Cooperative Council; as its executive secretary, he was behind a publicity campaign that helped put Idaho baked potatoes on restaurant menus all over the U.S. Benson caught the eye of others in the farm-cooperative movement, in 1930 was offered a Washington job (at \$25,000 a year) as executive secretary of the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, an organization of 53 farm groups. He took the job on one condition—that he would not have to make the rounds of capital cocktail parties.

In 1943, a big cooperative offered him a job at \$40,000 a year, and Benson, then president of the Washington Stake* of the Mormon Church, set off for Salt Lake City to get advice from his superiors. He never even got to ask; instead, the Mormon leaders asked him to become one of the Twelve Apostles. Benson accepted, was given a living allowance of about \$6,000 a year.

Soap-Dish Detail. Elder Benson, as he is known to fellow Mormons, settled down to the life of an Apostle in a ten-room Devonshire-Norman-Spanish house in Salt Lake City. Like many good Mormons, the Bensons set aside one night a week to be spent with their six children (the eldest, Reed A., 24, is now an Air Force chaplain). Such "family nights" are always opened with a prayer and a reading from the Scriptures; then Benson flicks on the family jukebox for some spirited dancing with his four daughters.

It is a cooperative household. How late may the girls stay out? A committee is appointed to hand down a ruling. How much time can be spent watching TV?

* Equivalent to a diocese. Mormons think of their church as a giant tent with stakes driven into the ground all over the world.



BENSON HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY
Across the world, a giant tent.

Benson starts most working days with a round of handshakes; he has met about one-third of the 8,000 Agriculture employees who work in Washington.

Because of his loaded schedule, Benson does much of his memo- and letter-writing at home (his memos are irreverently referred to by some in the department as "epistles from the Apostle"). He holds staff meetings at night twice a week; these are always opened with a prayer. Associates, in fact, are never surprised, when they walk in on the Secretary, to find him praying. Says one: "He spends as much time on his knees as he does on his feet."

For the tireless Benson machine, prayer is the basic fuel. A few years ago, when touring Mormon churches on a rehabilitation mission in Europe, Apostle Benson and other church leaders were blocked from entering Russian-occupied Poland. When things looked hopeless, Benson said: "I think I would like to pray," and went to his room. When he emerged, he announced to his assistant: "We are going to Poland. I have been commanded to go."

room frame house, which was expanded again & again as ten more children arrived.

He could drive a team of horses at four; at ten he was thinning sugar beets and hand-milking a string of 30 cows morning and night. When he was 14, his father was called away on a Mormon mission; Ezra was left to run the family farm for two years. A leader in studies and sports at local Mormon schools, Ezra entered Utah State Agricultural College and met Flora Amussen, a tennis-playing coed considered "most popular girl in town." While the courtship was still young, the Mormon Church stepped in: Benson was picked as a missionary to England. As is expected of any young Latter-day Saint, Benson answered the call without question.

"Our Benson." For two years, he spread the Mormon gospel through the slums of Newcastle, hard hit by postwar depression. Clad in workman's pants and a green turtle-neck sweater, young Benson became a familiar figure preaching to groups of unemployed on street corners. He organized athletic clubs, ran picnics, signed

Another committee decision. Mrs. Benson hands out work assignments according to ability: a few years back, one Benson tyke, too small for any other job, was given responsibility for keeping the soap dish clean. Like all good Mormons, the Bensons neither smoke nor drink alcohol. They take no coffee or tea, eat meat sparingly.

Hot Flies. For his new job, Benson needs to stay in training. In the past generation, the Agriculture Department has provided a case history of centralization of power and bureaucratic growth—from 33,000 employees and an outlay of \$251 million in 1933 to a staff of 67,000 and a budget of more than \$1 billion last year. Benson has slashed about 10% from the budget requested by the Truman Administration for the next fiscal year.)

Each year, the department turns out hundreds of pamphlets on subjects ranging from "The Meaning of the United Nations Flag" to "Consumer Preferences and the Use of Eggs in Honolulu." Recently, its staff of thousands of researchers was hard at work on such projects as training electric fans on cows to see how they react to living in a draft (they didn't seem to mind much), and treating houseflies with radioactive isotopes for identification (it was thereby found that they can fly 20 miles without keeling over).

Ezra Benson is far more sympathetic to research than toward expanding Government power over agriculture. Says he: "We are here to help, not to dictate." In a dig at his predecessor's Brannan Plan, which promised all things to all farmers at staggering expense, he vows that no master plan for agriculture will bear his name. Any program that he advocates will result from close cooperation between the Agriculture Department and the farm groups concerned.

Butter, more than a month's supply of which (150 million lbs.) the government has stored in freezers, will be the first test of Benson's new approach. Taxpayers can justly complain, as one did recently, about being "forced to pay for butter while eating oleo." But Ezra Benson decided that the surplus was a problem for buttermen themselves to solve. By continuing the high support level, he gave them a year to do so. Last week, just before a slight drop in the support price for butter was to take effect, dairymen dumped a thumping 15 million lbs. on the Government. But in Chicago there was some evidence of more constructive action: 300 dairy leaders voted to spend \$2,000,000 on promotion next year to broaden their markets.

Cold Cash. At the moment, the U.S. has more than \$3 billion tied up in farm commodities through loans and other price supports; much of this may be a total loss, to be added to the \$1 billion lost through price-support operations since World War II. Under present laws, which the G.O.P. is committed to support, the Government must uphold six "basic" (i.e., politically potent) commodities—cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, rice, peanuts—at

90% of parity* through 1954. The U.S. already has mountains of cotton and corn in storage, and enough wheat (450 million bu.) to turn a good-sized lake into a bowl of Wheatena.

Ezra Benson has cautioned cotton farmers to plant less this year; they have responded by planning for just as much as before. If, as some predict, a bumper crop results, Benson will be forced by law into an action diametrically opposed to his control-free philosophy: he will have to proclaim acreage allotments, i.e., production controls, for next year.

Nearly everyone—including Secretary Benson—agrees that some kind of price support is necessary, since farm prices usually scoop up & down much faster than the prices of what the farmer buys.

enterprise. Among those being considered by Ezra Benson and his advisers:

¶ Quasi-governmental corporations to be financed by the price-supported industries themselves to run their own support operations.

¶ Price insurance plans under which farmers would kick in premiums against disaster in the market place.

¶ Marketing agreements which would be, in effect, legalized breaches of antitrust laws. (Such agreements have already proved effective stabilizers for oranges, nuts and some vegetables.)

¶ More aggressive selling. Benson has not forgotten what salesmanship did for the Idaho potato.

Benson also thinks the Agriculture Department can help in developing new mar-



THE SECRETARY & FAMILY*
Once a week, a little dance.

If the New Deal-Fair Deal policies are not the answer, what is?

Many experts think that perishable commodities such as butter and potatoes should have no price supports at all. For nonperishables, such as corn, cotton, and wheat, the best solution may be a system of flexible price supports, which would allow at least a partial functioning of the law of supply & demand. Flexible supports would mean that when a surplus mounted, the U.S. could reduce its support prices, thus discourage overproduction of the next crop.

Private-Enterprise Job. There are many other methods by which the U.S. Government might lessen its farm load by turning over more of the job to private

enterprise, and by encouraging industrial research into new uses for farm products. Says he: "I'd like to see Du Pont, for example, go into corn research and do for corn and its potential byproducts what they have already done for coal."

Educating Up & Out. All such projects would help. But a basic problem would still remain; the U.S. has too many marginal farmers (an estimated 1,600,000) who barely scrape along from year to year. Many of Ezra Benson's advisers, along with virtually everyone else who has studied the problem, think that marginal farmers must either be educated up to the level of profitable farming—or educated clear off the farm and into jobs in town. While barely making a living themselves, the marginal farmers add to crop surpluses, help drive prices down and Government costs up, and thus freeload on the U.S. Those who cannot make good, in

* A price designed to stabilize the farmer's buying power at a "fair" level. A wheat farmer recently supplied a lucid example of parity: "In 1914, I could take a bushel of wheat to town, sell it, and use the proceeds to buy the goods that I figure I should be able to buy this year for a bushel of wheat today. That's what we mean by parity."

¶ Sittine: Eva, Flora, Flora Beth, Barbara Standing; Beverly and Bonnie, Absent: Reed A. and Mark.

short, should get out—just as any grocer or garage owner may be forced out of business for inefficiency. In this gigantic educational program, the U.S. Department of Agriculture should be a teacher, but not a commissar.

On the farms of the U.S. last week, there was still a gnawing uneasiness about prices. There was also uneasiness about Elder Benson and his free-market ideas. But, for the most part, U.S. farmers seemed prepared to give him a chance. Said a Kansas corn man: "We're holding judgment on Secretary Benson like on the new country preacher whose sermons may run out in a few Sundays." Meanwhile, Ezra Benson was putting his faith in the Lord—and cooperative free enterprise. Said he: "A completely planned and subsidized economy weakens initiative, discourages industry, destroys character and demoralizes the people. You never help people by doing for them what they can and should do for themselves."

TAXES

The Jackpot

During last month's income-tax jackpot period—the five days from March 16 to March 20—the U.S. Government collected more money than it was able to dredge up from all sources in the entire 83 years from 1789 through 1871. Gross Treasury receipts for the five days hit \$5,583,000,000. During the 83 years—a period in which the U.S. fought the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War, made the Louisiana Purchase from France, bought Florida from Spain and purchased Alaska from Russia—the Government took in only \$5,418,000,000.

CRIME

A Nice Boy

Everyone who knew Fred Eugene McManus thought he was just about the nicest boy in the suburban village of Valley Stream, N.Y. He was a handsome lad, tall, well built, with a quick, pleasant smile. He came from a good home—the McManus family lives in a big, white, well-kept house, and the boy's father, Mose McManus, a well-paid brewery executive, saw to it that his son had a pleasant life. But unlike many a good-looking boy with doting parents, Fred seemed completely unspoiled. He was quiet, notably polite, and rather shy with girls.

The boy loved animals and raised hamsters with tender care. He was a good swimmer, and he played on the high-school junior varsity football team. He liked children and was in constant demand as a baby sitter. His father was a little disappointed after his son finished high school last summer because Fred insisted on enlisting in the Marines instead of going to college. But 18-year-old Fred was a sight to warm any father's heart when he came home on a ten-day leave from Camp Lejeune, N.C. He was tanned, soldierly, and as polite and thoughtful as ever.

Road to Murder. Fred left after only two days, however, hurried to Rochester and picked up with a thin, bespectacled, 16-year-old girl named Diane Marie Wegeland, whom he had met on a vacation trip. The girl's foster mother remonstrated with her for staying out late, and Fred and Diane went defiantly off to the public library. After some research there, they decided (incorrectly) that minors could

be married in Minnesota without parental consent. They hit the highway. Fred thumbed a ride with a 19-year-old college boy named William Braverman, killed him in broad daylight with a service .45, buried him in a quarry, jauntily decorated the grave with a rusty antifreeze tin, and headed west with Diane in his victim's shiny, red and black 1953 Plymouth hard-top. He told the girl he felt no remorse. "It don't bother me if I don't know the people," he said gravely. "There is no such thing as conscience. It's just a feeling of fear that people have." Before an Iowa policeman arrested them three days later, Fred had shot four more people in cold blood, and held up an old couple (whom he liked and hence did not kill) to get money—\$58 in all.

When the news got back to Valley Stream, the elder McManus cried desperately that it was untrue. He could not remember ever hearing of a Diane Wegeland. "I can't believe it," he said. "This boy is not my son. My boy wouldn't do such a thing." He flew to Dubuque, where Fred was in jail, listened in astounded horror to the chilling tale the boy—speaking as politely as ever—had told the police.

"I walked into the store," Fred said, in telling how he killed George Bloomberg, a 56-year-old Keeneyville, Ill. general store operator and his wife Florence. "I told the man, 'I want some money.' The fellow got up from his TV set, walked toward me and said, 'Now here. Here now, wait a minute.' He touched my left shoulder and I let him have it." Bloomberg's wife screamed, "I shot her," Fred went on. "I can't stand screaming."

Way to Death. Unnerved by the noise, he left without taking any money, but at an all-night restaurant in Spring Valley, Minn., he was more efficient. He shot a waitress, Mrs. Harriet Horsman, 48, and scooped \$49 from the till. The café owner's wife made the mistake of screaming too. Fred killed her. Then the young couple drove on to Minneapolis to get married. They naively gave the license clerk their correct ages, and were turned down. "But," said Diane primly, "as far as we are concerned, we are legally married."

In jail, Fred referred to Diane as "my wife." When he was asked why he committed the murders, he replied, "I was in love and I needed money." But he stubbornly denied that Diane knew anything about the killings. "I'm as guilty as he is," sobbed Diane. "I want the same punishment he gets." When the two youngsters were brought together to be flown back to New York, they put their heads together, kissed, and beamed for the photographers; on the five-hour flight to Rochester, they played canasta and laughed like honeymooners.

As they flew east, Mose McManus followed by train, looking like a man trying to awaken from some incomprehensible and terrifying nightmare. Fred had coldly turned his back on the weeping father. "I know what is going to happen," he said. "The electric chair. I want to die."



FRED MCMANUS & FRIEND
"I can't stand screaming."

Associated Press

INTERNATIONAL

COLD WAR

The Advantages of Detours

While the rest of the world watched skeptically, the grim visage of Communism seemed to crinkle into a Sphinx-like smile. The most powerful tyranny the modern world has known showed signs of slackening its pressure, not only on the millions imprisoned by its Iron Curtain, but on the nations without. It was barely a month since Joseph Stalin died, yet in that short spell his heirs had launched a busy peace offensive. They talked of peace in more earnest-sounding tones than they had used since Litvinov's heyday. They made concessions where the conceding did them no hurt: a *da* instead of a *nyet* in the U.N. Security Council, a pardon for a drunken Briton held in a Moscow jail, an agreement to talk over the exchange of wounded prisoners in Korea.

Inside Russia, they lowered prices, proclaimed an amnesty for thousands of petty offenders, and reversed themselves by releasing 15 Soviet doctors accused last January of a "terrorist plot" to assassinate Soviet leaders. The doctors' confessions were faked, they said, in a startling repudiation of a purge that had been approved by their god-leader, Joseph Stalin.

Tantalizing Clues. To a world that had hoped for changes after Stalin's death, the eight-day offensive was bewildering, welcome sinister. Statesmen, pundits and plain reporters marshaled and studied the facts. What did they portend? A basic change of attitude in the U.S.S.R.? An elaborate maneuver to screen further aggressions from the world? A deadly feud among Stalin's heirs? Except for the party-liners and the starry-eyed (who joined in saluting the peaceful intentions of Malenkov & Co.), no man could get to an answer. But there were some tantalizing speculations to be made.

The conclusion that least most often to guessers' lips was that, lacking Stalin's stature, Malenkov not only needs time to establish himself over his rivals, but must also win the support of the Russian masses. Yet here one intriguing fact is relevant: the surprising absence of a buildup of Malenkov personally. Since the first week, when he made the key funeral speech, was proclaimed Premier and was shown snuggled up to Stalin and Mao in a doctored photograph, he has been neither seen nor heard from. China's Chou En-lai proposed the Korean talks and Molotov seconded them. Beria publicly redressed the "error" of the doctors' purges. Voroshilov announced the price cuts. Such popular gestures are the kind that might be presumed useful in building up Malenkov as the first among his peers and the benign father of all the Russians. Perhaps they add up to an essentially different conclusion: that Stalin's heirs have so far contrived to keep Malenkov from achieving the top role he must play if he is really to succeed Stalin.



POLICE CHIEF BERIA
"How could it happen?"

Another possibility is that the new crowd—whether united or feuding—feels that the old man, in his last years, went too far in his toughness in foreign policy. Sharing his long-range ambitions, they might feel that for the present, toughness is no longer paying dividends. Communist subversion in Greece led to the strengthening of Greece and Turkey. The 1948 Czechoslovak Putsch forced Western Europe into NATO; the invasion of Korea sparked Western rearmament. By 1956, the Kremlin may reckon, the Communist world is apt to find itself confronted by an armed and aroused U.S., supported by a coalition in which German and Japanese arms loom large. Here again, fact bolsters guess; now is perhaps the last chance to halt the rearmament of Western Germany.

Text by Lenin. Where Communists are concerned, it is sometimes instructive to listen to what they themselves say. Last week the *Tägliche Rundschau*, official organ of the Red army in Eastern Germany, recalled how Lenin had made peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk to give the Soviet land "a breathing space . . . to give it the chance of putting the economy in order, to take advantage of disputes within the imperialist camp . . ."

"Thus," wrote *Tägliche Rundschau*, "Lenin gave a classic example of the adaptation of Marxist strategy and tactics. He taught that detours often are necessary if at a given moment, the opponent is superior in strength; that one must withdraw temporarily in order to summon up new strength. Only thus will it be possible to prepare the new attack, to establish the basis for the final victory . . ." The Kremlin masters, it is safe to assume, have read their Lenin.

Doctors' Dilemma

What the non-Communist world had never thought to hear admitted, the leaders of world Communism last week openly confessed. The Kremlin itself published proof positive that Soviet "justice" is based on torture, that Soviet "truth" can err. Of all the recent curious shifts of wind over Moscow's vast Red Square, this was the strangest yet.

Only three months ago before Stalin died, nine Soviet doctors—at least five of them Jews, were arrested and found guilty of a terrorist plot . . . to cut short the lives of Soviet leaders. They were said to have confessed to the murder of two Politburocrats—Andrei Zhdanov (died 1948) and Alexander Shcherbakov (died 1945)—and to "fiendish plans" to kill the top-ranking officers of the Red army. "These fiends in human shape," said Radio Moscow, "were hired foreign intelligence agents" financed by the U.S. Government and by "international Jews."

Last week the nine "fiends"—and six others whose names had not been mentioned before—were taken from their cells, not for execution but for release as free men. "It has been established," said a communiqué from Deputy Premier Lavrenty Beria, "that the accused . . . were arrested . . . without any lawful cause whatsoever . . . The accusations made against [them] are false . . . [Their confessions were elicited by the investigators] using impermissible means . . . which are strictly forbidden under Soviet law." On the recommendation of Beria's Ministry of Internal Affairs, "the arrested . . . have been completely rehabilitated . . . and freed from custody."

Switch from Stalin. Published in Soviet newspapers and beamed by Radio Moscow to the U.S. and Europe, the announcement of the doctors' release was a spectacular repudiation of the anti-Zionist campaign launched with Stalin's approval in the last months of his life. It was the Kremlin's first open admission that its secret police can err, the first time that the Soviet people had heard from their rulers' lips that torture has been used as a method of police interrogation. Whatever dire necessity, of intrigue or revenge, had moved the Malenkov government to risk such admissions must plainly be of vast and vital import.

Malenkov, Beria, Molotov—the men who rule Russia today—were all at Stalin's side on the night the "plot" was disclosed. Why had they now reversed themselves?

Two of the three have reason not to want a further airing of murder in the Kremlin. Malenkov, whose reputation suffers from the widespread belief that it was he who arranged Zhdanov's death (for he had most to gain), may also feel the need to clear his name by proving that his rival's death was due to natural causes.

Police Chief Beria has a similar selfish

motive. When Stalin's Kremlin first unmasked the "doctor assassins" three months ago, the "organs in state security" (i.e., the secret police) were condemned for "laxity." Beria, at the time, was not formally in charge of the secret police, but the charges did seem to reflect on his competence. Now that he has emerged as a Deputy Premier, with absolute control over both internal affairs and secret police, Beria may be determined to destroy those who slurred him.

It was Beria, not Malenkov, who announced that the accused doctors were innocent victims of false persecution. It was he who deposed and then arrested the former Deputy Minister of State Security—a man named Ryumin—as "a secret enemy of our state" who had attempted to kindle in the Soviet people "feelings of national hostility" (i.e., anti-Semitism).

But the principal fall guy is Semyon D. Ignatiev, Stalin's last Minister of State Security, and a bureaucrat who was elevated shortly after Stalin's death to one of the five secretariat seats on the party's powerful Central Committee. "How could it happen," demanded *Pravda*, "that in the depths of the Ministry of State Security . . . there could be fabricated provocative matter, the victims of which . . . [were] a series of outstanding leaders of Soviet medicine?" The answer: Ignatiev was guilty of "political blindness and gullibility." He had failed to detect the "shameless lies" of "criminal adventurers" like Ryumin; as a result, the Minister of State Security had "broken away from the people and the party," and therefore has been fired from his new job. The Soviet government, *Pravda* added, as if speaking in Beria's name, "punishes without regard for person or rank those who permit arbitrary action."

Bull-necked Lavrenty Beria has had previous experience in purging purgers: in 1938, when Police Chief Yezhov was destroying his predecessors for staging "medical murders," Beria moved in, destroyed Yezhov's apparatus and became in his stead the killer of killers.

Slansky Stays Hanged. Did the new reversal also undo the Kremlin's anti-Zionist campaign? Hard-pressed Israel hoped it did, and expressed its readiness to resume diplomatic relations with Moscow. The Kremlin had broken with Israel as one of the repercussions of the "fiendish" plot that was now proclaimed a phony. (Another alleged plot of the Zionists, the one in Czechoslovakia, could not be undone so easily: Communist Rudolf Slansky and ten of his pals had already been garroted for it.)

A disclaimer of anti-Semitism is one essential step to be taken if Russia is to act out its new peace-loving role, and therefore the new action fitted in with all other cold war relaxations. But more than foreign policy was now involved, just as more than foreign policy was involved in the original arrests.

The new leaders of Russia were, in effect, carrying away the pile of faggots which Stalin had prepared for victims still

to be found, in a purge that would have a long time to run. At the proper time, the new leaders would have burnings of their own, but they preferred to choose their own method and timing.

Meanwhile, a small pyre must be built for those who had helped prepare the plot against the doctors. They, said Beria's communiqué, "have already been arrested and brought to criminal responsibility." Besides Ryumin and Ignatiev, there was



GEORGY MALENKOV
Lenin gave a classic example.

another victim: Lidiya F. Timashuk, a grandmother and a physician. Lidiya Timashuk was decorated last January with the Order of Lenin, the Soviet Union's top order: "for exposing the doctor assassins." "She fought," said *Pravda*, "as one fights with enemies of the homeland—a life and death struggle." Last week Dr. Timashuk was stripped of her decoration because the information she gave had not accorded with "the actual state of affairs."

Price Cuts

As another plum to Russia's citizens, the Kremlin announced a general price reduction on 125 items of consumer goods. The cuts range from 5% on wines and woolens to 50% on fruits and vegetables; theoretically, they will lower the sky-high Soviet cost of living by 8%. But previous price cuts have been largely offset by increases in taxes and by taxpayers' "loans" to the government. The latest markdowns leave the average Russian worker laboring more than a week for a cheap pair of shoes, 18 weeks for a top-quality suit—when he can find them in the stores.

Peace Offensive

The Soviet government, said *Pravda*, "is manifesting a desire to improve relations with the Western powers." Some of the manifestations:

¶ In Moscow, Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov pledged Russian "solidarity" with Red China's offer to "put an end to the bloody Korean war." He did not make Peking's admission to the U.N. a precondition of peace.

¶ In Berlin, Soviet Supreme Commander General Vasily I. Chuikov invited R.A.F. officers to sit down with their Russian opposite numbers to discuss ways of preventing "regrettable incidents" in the air. He later invited the U.S. and France to join in the talks, which took place in a setting stage-dressed with cigars, champagne and World War II camaraderie. Chuikov also addressed a letter to a West German Communist front declaring that "your wish for a [Big Four] conference . . . on a peace treaty for Germany, and its reunification corresponds fully with the point of view of the Soviet government."

¶ In the U.N. Security Council, the Soviet delegation said yes to a Swede for U.N. Secretary General (*see below*), and Soviet Delegate Andrei Vishinsky hinted that Russia may have changed its attitude on disarmament. Instead of demanding an unconditional ban on atomic weapons, he now showed signs of interest in the Western plan for disarmament by stages, with enforceable guarantees.

¶ Moscow kept its promise to release British and French civilians interned in North Korea since the Communist capture of Seoul in 1950. Fourteen Frenchmen, including two diplomats, one newsman and five nuns, were en route from Moscow on their way home to France. Six Britons and an Irish priest were "in process of repatriation."

¶ The Russians pardoned a British sailor named George Robinson, who was jailed last September for drunkenly assaulting a Soviet official in the port of Archangel; they let him go in Berlin.

¶ Moscow promised to send a Soviet warship to the June naval review in honor of Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation. Red flags in Berlin were half-masted on the day of Queen Mary's funeral.

¶ Soviet President Voroshilov told the new Dutch Ambassador to the Kremlin that Soviet-Netherlands relations ought to be "consolidated."

¶ Heavy trucks on the *Autobahn* between Berlin and West Germany were waved past Soviet check points that had once held them for days; locks on the Mittelland Canal, closed since last August for "repairs," were mended overnight.

¶ East German Catholic and Evangelical churches got \$200,000 to repair 104 blitzed church buildings.

¶ At Spandau prison in East Berlin, the commander of the Russian guard pulled off his glove to greet his U.S. counterpart with the barehanded grip of friendship.

¶ The U.S. embassy in Moscow, ordered last July to get out of its fine building

overlooking the Kremlin, was informed that it might stay on if it wished. (Washington replied that it would just as soon move the embassy as planned to a new building under construction.)

¶ Visas were issued to a group of U.S. small-town editors (see *Press*), who goggled at the Moscow subways, dined on caviar and capons, and exchanged toasts to the Premier of Russia and the President of the U.S.

¶ Four Soviet officials and their wives came early and stayed late at a cocktail party given by U.S. Chargé d'Affaires Jacob D. Beam.

Each new gesture got wide attention the world over, but the fact is that Russia achieved its effect by the number of its moves, not by the substance of them. There were concessions on the Berlin blockade, not an end to it; a harmless drunk was released, not an important kidnap victim like Berlin's brave Dr. Linse. Peace might come in Korea, and this would indeed be substantial news, but it had not come yet, and the possibilities of delay and dissension at Panmunjom were as great as before.

WAR IN KOREA

Little Switch

The days of lethargy, of card games and of leisurely manning of marker halloons and searchlights at the Panmunjom truce-talk site were over. The U.N. was taking seriously the Communist offer to discuss immediate exchange of "seriously sick and wounded" prisoners of war. Working like heavers, U.N. crews rapidly set up a processing center and a mobile surgical hospital. The hospital staff ran through a practice drill. In cases of malnutrition, the medical people were ready to stuff the returnees with calories and vitamins. Every available helicopter was standing by; two hospital ships, one U.S. and one Danish, were anchored at Inchon. A huge galvanized-iron shed was erected as a stopover for disabled Chinese and North Koreans on their way north. The press train reappeared at Munsun, with phone lines to Seoul and teletype circuits to Seoul and Tokyo.

U.N. Commander Mark Clark was determined, with Washington's backing, that the enemy would have to make a hard & fast agreement, at the liaison level, on immediate exchange of disabled prisoners (nicknamed the Little Switch) before he would discuss full-scale resumption of the truce talks (the Big Switch), which he designated as a "second order of business." The Reds acquiesced. To head his liaison group, Clark appointed Rear Admiral John C. Daniel, 53, Annapolis graduate (1924), who has made a solid reputation in the Navy both as desk man and blue-water sailor. Organizer of the Navy's first underwater demolition team, John Daniel commanded a destroyer squadron in the Pacific, won the Navy Cross. He came from the first session this week reporting that the Communists were "very objective"—meaning businesslike,

and not disposed to stall. At the second session, the U.N. briskly accepted the Red offer to exchange disabled POW's but reiterated its long-standing condition: that none be repatriated against his will.

UNITED NATIONS

Swift Agreement

Ever since the Soviet bloc began to snub and boycott Trygve Lie two years ago, the U.N. has been without a truly effective secretary general. Last week, as part of its diplomatic new look, Russia at last agreed with its fellow members on the Security Council on a successor to Lie, who submitted his resignation last fall.

In a series of secret, informal meetings, delegates of the Big Five had considered—among others—the name of Erik Boheman, Sweden's Ambassador to the U.S. Boheman said that he did not want the job, but his name had been in the air just long enough for Soviet Delegate Valerian Zorin to hint that perhaps Russia might accept a Swede in order to get rid of Norway's Trygve Lie. French Delegate Henri Hoppenot took the cue, submitted the name of Dag Hammarskjöld (see box). So little known was he that State Department officials had to scurry about for

a few hours to see if there might be anything unacceptable in his background (they decided not).

The next day Zorin announced that the Soviet Union would support Hammarskjöld. That afternoon, in formal session, the Council swiftly voted 10 to 0 (with Nationalist China abstaining because Sweden has recognized Red China) to recommend Hammarskjöld to the Assembly. It was the first time since the beginning of the Korean truce talks in July 1951 that East and West had agreed on anything as important in U.N. affairs.

TRENDS

Getting Crowded Here

Despite wars and a falling birth rate, the population of the world will probably double within the next 70 years to about 5 billion people, the Population Reference Bureau estimated this week. Reason: medicine and technology are letting people live longer.

Still, such prophecies have been wrong before: Abraham Lincoln, on the basis of population growth in his day, estimated that the U.S. would have a population of 750 million by 1930, and turned out to have predicted twice too many.



Dag Hammarskjöld
HAMMARSKJÖLD

U.N.'S NEW SECRETARY GENERAL

Chosen last week to succeed Trygve Lie as Secretary General of the United Nations: Dag Hjalmar Agne Hammar-skjöld.

Pronunciation: Dag (as in bag) Hammar-shiuld. His own advice to Americans: "Call me just Hammer-shield. That is, after all, about as near as most people get. Anyway, it's exactly what my name means . . ."

Born: July 29, 1905, at Jönköping, in south-central Sweden.

Appearance: 5 ft. 10 in., trim, blue-eyed.

Family: A bachelor, youngest son of an aristocratic Swedish family of civil servants and army men that traces its nobility to a 17th century warrior knighted for bravery in War I Prime Minister of Sweden. A brother, now dead, was a judge at the Court of International Justice, The Hague.

Education: B.A. 1925, Uppsala University (literature, French, practical philosophy, economics). His doctorate thesis—*Distribution of Economic Market Trends*—at Stockholm University (1933) was abstruse brilliant, and prefaced with a quote from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: "That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied in a pleased tone. "Diligently learned English, French and German, and displayed his talents last week in a trifling press conference. At college, friends tagged him 'the perfect civil servant.'"

Career: After a brief spell as lecturer at Stockholm University, became secretary of the Bank of Sweden. At 31, became Under Secretary of Finance; five years later, chairman of the board of the Bank of Sweden. A neutral even within neutral Sweden, Hammarskjöld helped the Socialists plan Sweden's economy, then moved to the Foreign Office as a financial expert, but has joined no political party, has never run for office. Attended most of the postwar European economic conferences, cooperated with the West while defending Sweden's trade agreements with Russia; known for his nimble debating and impressive erudition.

Promoted in 1951 to Deputy Foreign Minister. In that capacity briefly headed his country's delegation to the current U.N. General Assembly.

Personality: Has the traditional qualities of a European diplomat—poise, humor, manners, good birth—but considers himself an economic "technician." Fastidious in his tastes, he is a reader of *avant-garde* poetry, and his apartment is lined with a Braque canvas and Matisse and Picasso drawings. Principal recreation: mountain-climbing in Northern Sweden.

New Job: Five-year term; pays \$20,000 a year tax-free, plus a \$15,000 quarters allowance, plus a \$20,000 annual expense allowance, also tax-free.

NEWS IN PICTURES



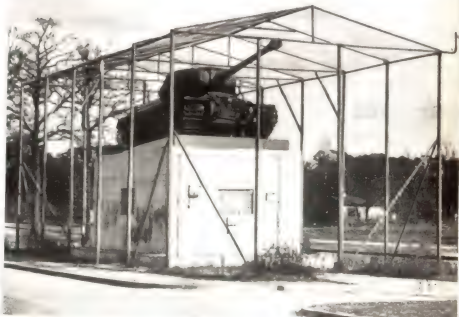


HERO'S WELCOME: Robert Lipke, 8, races into the arms of his soldier brother, returning from Korea with first contingent of veterans from the Far East to dock in Manhattan.

N. Y. Times Photo

ANGEL FALLS, the world's highest (3,212 ft.), were photographed deep in Venezuelan jungle by aerial survey party retracing route of their discoverer, U.S. Flyer Jimmy Angel.

AP Wirephoto



TANK BATTLE: Soviet war memorial, caged to prevent desecration by Berliners in the U.S. sector, was causing new trouble. Gist of the Russian complaint: too much fence.

AP Wirephoto

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Cooling Off

When the chamber of the House of Commons was rebuilt after the blitz, it was said to have the world's finest air-conditioning system. But soon M.P.s were complaining about the stuffiness and the drafts. M.P.s in tweeds and woolen underwear objected that Britons are used to, and dress for, indoor temperatures of less than the 70° that satisfies most Americans. On the other hand, when the doors are opened wide, a chilly blast from adjoining rooms leaves the front benches shivering. Prime Minister Winston Churchill once

violets, flew off to Le Havre. There he boarded the liner *United States* for New York. His trip, he predicted, would benefit "our *Vaterland* , Europe and the free world." With him went his fresh-faced, 27-year-old schoolteacher daughter, Lotte. Also aboard: a modest retinue of press, protocol and foreign-relations advisers, and 50 bottles of 1949 *Bernkasteler Doktor* (a dry Moselle wine) for President Eisenhower.

Officially, Adenauer's mission to Washington is to express the gratitude of vanquished Germany for the unprecedented moral and financial aid (more than \$4 billion) extended by a victor, the U.S.

face looks as stony and unflinching as an image carved into the Black Hills of South Dakota. He works tirelessly and with an old man's wise economy of motion. Besides running his government and his party, the Christian Democratic Union, his interests are few: gardening around his bluff-top house overlooking the Rhine, his religious devotions (Catholic), studying Dutch masters (he is an authority on the subject).

Tourist's Wishes. Adenauer personally laid out his busy, 12-day trip: three brisk days in Washington, a flight (on Ike's *Constellation*, *Columbine*) to San Francisco and the Monterey Peninsula for his first view of the Pacific, a trip to Chicago and Boston, winding up with a visit to Ottawa. Advisers tried to dissuade him from making the grand tour—it would be too exhausting, and besides, he would look like a mere tourist. Said Konrad Adenauer: "I want to see it all."



ADENAUER & DAUGHTER

Associated Press

In his baggage, proofs of success and 50 bottles of wine.

got so cold that he flounced out of the House and came back in his overcoat.

Last week, after a one-man campaign waged by M.P. Sydney Francis Markham (author of a treatise on weather called *Climate and the Energy of Nations*), temperatures in the House were reduced to 66°. To avoid chilly drafts, engineers will henceforth release extra-warm air into the empty lobbies whenever the chamber's doors are flung open at voting time. Beamed Climatologist Markham: "We are . . . approximating our aim—warm feet and cool heads."

GERMANY

Mission to America

From Otto von Bismarck who founded the line, through Adolf Hitler to the 22nd and present incumbent, not a single German Chancellor has visited the U.S.—or been asked to. One dappled spring day last week, West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, clutching a *bon voyage* bouquet of damp, limp jonquils and

Germany's growing pride is also involved: Bonn newspapers noted happily that he would sleep in Blair House and be welcomed by Eisenhower. Among topics Ike and Adenauer would discuss: the Saar, the resettlement of 10 million East German refugees, offshore procurement, the Russian peace offensive.

Economy of Motion. Three and a half years ago, as Adenauer took office, he said: "I want to be . . . both a good German and a good European," and added, "We need the help of the best Europeans of all . . . the Americans." In Adenauer's baggage as he arrived this week were proofs of his success: the Bundestag endorsement of the European Defense Community, ratification of the Allied contractual agreement to end the occupation, a signed-and-sealed reparations treaty with Israel. Though Germany itself still stirs resentments among her unforgetting neighbors, Chancellor Adenauer has proved himself a good European.

The first German Chancellor to visit the U.S. carries his 77 years lightly. His

THE SUDAN

Pilgrims' Ordeal

Once every year the *Fellata* quarter of Port Sudan, on the west coast of the Red Sea, fills up with Arab pilgrims. Their objective: to reach the Holy Land before the start of Ramadan (May 15, this year), and to visit Mecca. They come from all parts of Africa, crossing from one country to another without trouble—until they hit Port Sudan.

Less than 200 miles of water separates Port Sudan from the Saudi Arabian port of Jidda, which is a 50-mile walk from Mecca. But before the pilgrim may have his passport stamped to cross the Red Sea, he must get through a slough of red tape; pay the British authorities pilgrim fees (later remitted to Saudi Arabia); submit to medical examination; have his arm stabbed with sharp needles against epidemic diseases; pay for his return passage.

Back in the *Fellata* there are men who whisper to him that these regulations are made by infidel foreigners. For payment of £5 (\$14), these men offer to get the pilgrim across the Red Sea without any trouble. For years sharp Arab operators have lived off this illegal traffic, and how many hundreds of pilgrims have died as a result, no one will ever know.

In 1951 the crew of a sambuk marooned a load of pilgrims on an uninhabited island near the Eritrean coast, telling them they were in the Holy Land. Most of the pilgrims died of thirst, but a few lived to identify the sambuk crew, who were hanged. Last year a Saudi Arabian patrol found another party of pilgrims, 18 of them dead of thirst, who had been dumped on a lonely shore and told to walk in the wrong direction. None of this was known to 32 innocent Nigerians who had spent two years walking from the west coast of Africa, across deserts and through jungles, to get to Port Sudan. There last month they bought passage from a Yemeni



Known by the Company it Keeps



Seagram's VO

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ship captain named Hamed Ghalib, and boarded his sambuk.

The Sharks. Ten miles off of Port Sudan, a high wind drove Ghalib's craft with a splintering roar on to a submerged coral reef called Tarfaniya. Twenty-two pilgrims and two sailors scrambled on to a 14-foot lattice tower made of railroad tracks, erected on the reef as a warning to shipping. Captain Ghalib, two of his sailors and ten of the Nigerians could not make it, and were swept away. The survivors saw the waters around the reef churn and turn red as sharks pulled them down.

Hour after hour, the sharks circled the reef. At night the wind blew steadily out of the north, kicking up a chilling spray; during the day, the sun beat down unmercifully on the surviving pilgrims and the two sailors. They had little bundles of water-soaked food which they ate. There was no fresh water. Some pilgrims drank salt water. Four child pilgrims lost their hold on the tower and slipped into the sea. The sharks glided in to claim them.

The Eighth Day. On the fourth day, a sambuk sighted them but could not come close enough to the reef to take them off. Instead, the two sailors and two of the Nigerians swam out to the sambuk, which sailed away—for help, the pilgrims thought. But no help came. The pilgrims did not know it, but the four rescued men, on reaching Port Sudan, had been hidden in the *Fellata* and told not to talk under threat of death. Another pilgrim fell into the sea and the sharks took him quickly. All the pilgrims were now drinking sea water, praying, and talking hysterically in the night.

On the eighth day, the pilgrims saw a launch. They shouted and waved, but the launch passed them. In despair an old woman fell off the tower into the sea. Hours later the launch reappeared, going the other way. This time its crew spotted the castaways. As the launch hove to just off the reef, one of its Arab crewmen swam to the tower with a line and, one by one, the 14 Nigerians were pulled in. Among the rescued were four women, a four-year-old boy and a baby in arms, but boy and baby soon died.

Ashore, police combed the *Fellata* for trace of the rescued crewmen and their unprincipled agents. But the people in the quarter had no information to give. It was the will of Allah, they said.

ITALY

Double Election

Italy's Senate is almost unique among Europe's upper houses. It is not a society of deliberative gentlemen remote from the legislative process, but has the same veto over proposed laws as the lower Chamber, and the same power to turn out a government by an adverse vote of confidence.

Strangest of all was the method of choosing the Senators for the first post-war term. Of the 144 Senators, 107 were Senators "by right," which means that they got their seats automatically; five appointed by the President for bringing



DE GASPERI
Anger on the left.

renown to Italy; one for being an ex-President; the rest for being oldtime anti-Fascist legislators or longterm political prisoners under Fascism. This constitutional oddity has worked to the Reds' advantage. They elected only 36 Senators in 1948, but picked up a bonus of 31 more seats "by right" among ex-prisoners. Together with the fellow-traveling Nenni Socialist faction, this gave them a solid 100-man obstructionist bloc in the Senate, and golden opportunities for delaying and debauching the democratic process, as they proved in the Palm Sunday rumpus over electoral reform (*TIME*, April 6), when furniture flew and members grappled.

Last week, the time and opportunity



JULIUS RAAB
Victory on the right.

ripe, Premier Alcide de Gasperi decided to move against his Communist enemies in the Senate. Five years having passed since the last election, it was constitutionally mandatory to dissolve the lower Chamber and order a new election: Senators serve for six years, and still have a year to go. But De Gasperi had had enough. The Senate as well as the Chamber was dissolved, and June 7 was set as the election date for both houses.

Dissolution automatically canceled the seats of all Red Senators "by right," and the Communists roared with anger. De Gasperi replied: "We have been the target of attacks, the butt of calumny and insults for days and nights, weeks and months. We kept silent . . . This reserve of ours may have made . . . our opponents believe that we lacked both arguments and courage. I hope they have been enlightened by now."

AUSTRIA

Teeter-Totter

Postwar Austria is a political teeter-totter balanced precariously and almost exactly between two parties: the leftist Socialists (73 seats) and the conservative Catholic People's Party (74 seats). The one man who kept everything from tumbling down was Chancellor Leopold Figl, himself a conservative, who for eight years presided over a coalition of the two opposing parties with tact and humor.

Last October the balancing act began to break down. Figl resigned, and in new elections his party lost three seats in the parliamentary election. The Socialists gained six. The rightists in Figl's People's Party charged him with softness toward the Socialists. The leaders of Figl's party announced that they would not join any new coalition government unless it included the neo-Nazi Union of Independents. The Socialists refused. For 38 days Austria was without a cabinet.

Last week the deadlock was broken. A new coalition cabinet was formed. The neo-Nazis were excluded, which was a victory for the Socialists. But the rightists in the People's Party also won, for Figl was out as Chancellor, and in his place was a blunt, tough-talking engineer, Julius Raab, a right-winger. Raab, 61, was a charter member of the *Heimwehr*, Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg's private fascist army back in the late '20s; in 1930 he took the famous *Heimwehr* oath. . . . We reject the democratic western Parliament . . . ; in 1938 he served briefly in the pro-Nazi cabinet appointed by Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg to appease Hitler, and took on the job of aligning Austria's economy with Germany's rearmament plan. During World War II, while Figl and other anti-Nazis were in concentration camps, Raab was free and an engineer for an Austrian road-building firm.

Socialists respect Raab for being a man of his word and for speaking it frankly, but detest his politics. Chances are that before long, Austria will be wishing for the return of Figl's famous balancing act.

TURKEY

"Rescue Us!"

The submarine *Dumlupinar*—formerly the U.S.S. *Bumper*—was one of the finest boats in Turkey's underwater fleet. Last week she joined the NATO "Rendezvous" maneuvers in the Mediterranean, then headed home for Istanbul and shore leave for her crew of 86 U.S.-trained Turkish officers and seamen. Running on the surface in the treacherous waters of the Dardanelles early one foggy morning, the *Dumlupinar* collided with the Swedish freighter *Naboland*. The sub's hull split, her stern reared into the air, her bow began to go down.

The *Dumlupinar's* skipper, Sabri Tchelebioglu, and four others were thrown clear of the submarine, and survived. The rest of the crew—81 in all—were trapped inside as the *Dumlupinar* slowly settled in 228 feet of water, to the bottom of the straits.

For the sailors in the smashed and flooded bow, death was swift. But 22 men in a watertight compartment in the stern managed to release a marker buoy with a telephone inside. For 30 hours they waited in darkness and cold, while U.S. and Turkish rescue crews tried desperately to lift the sub or to pry open the escape hatch. "Rescue us!" the trapped men pleaded over the telephone. "We have air for only a few hours. If you cannot save us, please send our last greetings to our families."

At dawn it was raining. Heavy seas and a swift current made diving difficult and dangerous, but the rescuers toiled all day and into the next night. Over the phone one of the trapped men said: "We are praying to Allah while we wait for death. We have only about 90 minutes of oxygen left." Then telephone contact was broken. At noon, on Easter Sunday, the divers surfaced, wearily pulled off their helmets. Said a Turkish spokesman: "There is no hope any more."



Fur Map by V. Puglisi

BURMA

Embarrassing Army

After Nationalist China collapsed in 1949, a remnant of the Nationalists' Eighth and Twenty-Sixth Armies, commanded by General Li Mi, fell back across the border into Burma. In the wild mountains of Burma's Shan States, Li Mi put a defense perimeter around his ragged forces and then went down to Bangkok to seek arms and supplies from wealthy Chinese merchants. Soon big, green, unmarked C-46s were flying into an airfield which Li Mi's men had built at Monghsat. Li Mi began commuting to Formosa, where he was well received.

By the summer of 1951, Li Mi was ready to attack Red China. In a quick thrust, his men drove 50 miles into Yunnan. The Communists counterattacked and drove Li's men pell-mell back into Burma, but did not follow up their victory. Li Mi licked his wounds, lived off the land, extended his control over east Burma (see map). The weak Burmese government—which had won its independence only five years before from the British—was too busy fighting Karen rebels and two different camps of local Communists to deal with Li Mi's men. Growing stronger, Li Mi extended his activities west of the Salween River.

Protest. A fortnight ago, Burma formally asked the U.N. to condemn the Nationalist government on Formosa for an act of aggression, and accused its armies of preying on the countryside and instituting a "veritable reign of terror—looting, pillaging, raping and murdering." The Burmese said that the original Li Mi force of 1,700 men had been built up into an army of 12,000 by local recruiting, and was now commanded by Chinese Nationalist General Liu Kuo-chuan. The whereabouts of General Li Mi was now something of a mystery: the Nationalists say he is in Formosa recovering from a stroke; the Burmese say he was almost captured there a week ago.

In the U.N., China's Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang replied: "This army of 12,000 . . . is not part of the army of the Republic of China. It calls itself the Yunnan Anti-Communist and National Salvation Army. It is not subject to control by my government." But, said Dr. Tsiang, his government, at the suggestion of the U.S., would 1) attempt to stop the collection of money from the people of Formosa for the Yunnan army; 2) refuse the clearance of airplanes chartered for the delivery of supplies to the border region. Added Tsiang: "Insofar as we can be said to have some influence over General Li Mi, we have used that influence in favor of the wishes of the government of Burma."

Attack. Burma was not yet satisfied. In a sharp attack near Monghsat, Burmese troops found the bodies of white men, whom Burmese newspapers hastily named as Americans, but Washington said no U.S. passports had ever been issued in their names, suggested that the men may have been German deserters from the



Jack Bruns—LIT

GENERAL LI MI The influence varies.

French Foreign Legion in neighboring Indo-China. The U.S. denied again, as it has before, any responsibility for Li Mi's operations. But the National Salvation Army was beginning to be embarrassing to all concerned. Burma, in a curtly polite note, thanked the U.S. for its \$51 million aid program and declined to accept further aid. There was talk of a Russian aid program to Burma. In the U.N., the Arab-Asian bloc (with the single exception of the Philippines) agreed to support Burma's case.

KENYA

Challenge, Then Shoot

Through Nairobi's crowded Indian bazaars and squalid Negro quarter sped an ugly rumor: all Negro nursemaids had been ordered by the Mau Mau to murder white babies in their charge. The whites, hearing the rumor, took no chances. By train, by road and plane, hundreds of white children were sent to friends in Mombasa, 300 miles away on the Kenya coast. It was the tensest week since the Mau Mau emergency began. Nairobi's 16,000 whites were frankly awaiting a big Mau Mau attack. Probable Mau Mau D-day: April 8, when the court verdict on London-educated Jomo Kenyatta, alleged leader of the Mau Mau, is delivered.

The whites' political leader, Michael Blundell, returned from London conferences with Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton, talking less moderately than he once had. Said he: "We must now face the fact that the Kikuyu tribe [1,250,000] is in a state of rebellion. There should be summary justice." Day & night, Nairobi's white Home Guards patrolled the city streets and suburbs under new orders: "If you see any numbers of Negroes assembling and get no quick, satisfactory reply to your first challenge, shoot immediately and to kill." Troops and police in armored

cars drove into the Negro section of Nairobi, rounded up 7,000 Kikuyu, arrested too after "screening."

Explained a white senior army officer: "We believe the Mau Mau supreme war council has secret headquarters here in Nairobi. The Kikuyu drive taxicabs and buses, work in hotels and nightclubs. We believe these Kikuyu are Mau Mau spies who tell the Mau Mau war council where and when to strike. They overhear and report all white conversations, and know all our dispositions and plans."

Upcountry in the Kiambu reserve, scene of last month's village massacre, a Mau Mau gang, brandishing keen-edged pangas, set fire to native huts. But instead of panic-stricken people rushing out to be cut to bits by the attackers' arms, an alerted Home Guard opened fire, killed 21 Mau Mau. In the same area, a platoon of 20 Negro soldiers of the King's African Rifles, led by a white officer, saw a Kikuyu woman furtively carrying sacks of food into the forest. Following the woman, the soldiers engaged a gang of 100 Mau Mau in a two-hour battle in which 24 Mau Mau were killed, including a Mau Mau oath administrator who was wearing women's clothes as a disguise.

SOUTH AFRICA

"Well, Here I Am"

Prime Minister Daniel Malan waddled to a platform in Pretoria last week and delivered a two-hour campaign speech. Although he is rheumatic and turning 79 next month, the old man had plenty of stamina. A few days earlier a London paper had mistakenly reported him dying. Said Malan: "My opponents wish me dead. [The opposition] says I am too old to address a meeting standing on my feet. Well, here I am." Amid the frenzied cheers of his Boer supporters, he added: "I promise to retire before I am 100."

Next week in South Africa, 1,635,000 white men & women and 16,000 colored men (persons of mixed blood, whom Malan tried vainly to remove from the voting rolls) will choose between Malan's Nationalists, who won power from the late Jan Smuts in 1948, and the opposition United Party of Jacobus Strauss. "Every vote cast against the Nationalists," trumpets Malan in his perorations, "is a vote for Russians, Indians, the United Nations, the British Labor Party..."

Actually, the United Party also favors white supremacy, but argues that the Malanites are too fanatical, and that their harsh segregation laws cost the country nearly \$50 million a year. Strauss, the well-meaning United Party leader who has a bad habit of always sounding on the defensive, assured everyone that if his party wins, "the deliberate Communists will be dealt with by the courts. We will make Communism high treason. In extreme cases, Communists will be hanged."

The campaigning is rough. Johannesburg's Afrikaans Nationalist newspaper *Die Transvaler* published a cartoon of a panga knife labeled "Mau Mau" piercing a black cloud and hanging over a white

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family, with a caption: "Vote Nationalist to avert this." Brigadier C. I. Rademeyer, head of South Africa's Criminal Investigation Department, quietly made it known that up to ten plainclothesmen were attending all political rallies, mixing with the crowds. Since the cops were assumed to be pro-government, United Party members were alarmed. Asked the *Rand Daily Mail*: "Are they spies?" Nationalist hoodlums tried to break up United Party rallies by throwing stones, tomatoes and eggs, by cutting off electric power, by wielding *sjaboks* (rhinoceros-hide whips). No Nationalist meetings were molested.

For the moment, the country's 9,000,000 voteless, restless Negroes are lying quiet. Most hope that the United Party will win as the lesser of evils, but a smaller more militant group believes that a Malan victory will sting the blacks into closing their ranks completely. Said one of these: "Malan has advanced Negro unity by 50 years." Political experts think that Malan will probably win, helped by the emotion-charged cries of "Mau-Mauism."

RUMANIA

Hoppy as a Milkman

"If to be king means not to live one's own life as one wishes," said Carol, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. "I prefer life to a throne. I have the same right to happiness as the milkman has." He was the first son of the reigning dynasty to be born on Rumanian soil, and 101 guns had been fired at his birth in 1893. When his dominating mother, Queen Marie, conspired with Czar Nicholas II to marry him off at 20 to the Czar's eldest daughter, Olga, his reply was that he liked the Czar's second daughter, Tatiana, better. Cracked Nicholas Romanov, as he called off the match: "Rumania, bah! It is neither a state nor a nation, but a profession."

Four years later, Carol eloped with a commoner named Zizi Lambrino. The queen was furious. The Rumanian High Court declared the marriage null & void, but Carol lived with Zizi until his money ran out; when a son was born and the registrar refused to enter the prince's name as father, Carol wrote a letter to Zizi acknowledging his parenthood and vowing undying love. The vow lasted one year, until Queen Marie found her impoverished son a royal match: cool, blonde Princess Helen of Greece. In due course Prince Michael was born.

Enter Magda. Carol was a restless 30 when he met Elena Lupescu, divorced wife of a Rumanian army officer. A flaming redhead with a camellia-white complexion and green eyes, Magda, as she was known, became Carol's mistress. King Ferdinand ordered her out of the country. Carol joined her in Paris, wrote his father: "I not only renounce the throne, but I renounce all rights that I have . . . my child . . . and my wealth." When Ferdinand died two years later, Carol's son, the six-year-old Michael, became King.

For five years Carol and Magda played the Gold Coast—Paris, Deauville, Venice—until, in 1928, a new government came



EX-KING CAROL & MAGDA
A throne for a life.

to power in Rumania and began dicker with Carol. Carol promised to drop Magda. "What man would renounce a throne because of a woman?" he asked a newsman. "She [Magda] did not take me from my country, and she will not stand in my way if I want to return." Said Magda: "Although Carol is dearer to me than life . . . I have always been prepared to make any sacrifice for him." In 1930, Parliament proclaimed him King, dating his reign back to his father's death.

The Other Half. Two months later, Magda was back in Bucharest. In a quiet villa on the Alea Elisa Filipescu, she raised white turkeys; in the palace, she raised hell. "The rope for this vampire who stands between the crown and the country!" read a clandestine manifesto. For Rumania, Magda was wrong from every point of view. Her mother had been a Viennese dancer; she herself had been baptized in the Catholic Church and, if that was not enough in a non-Catholic and anti-Semitic country, her father had been a Jewish apothecary. But Carol would not give her up. Said he: "She is the other half of my being, the other half of my brain." When peasants and fascists rioted, Carol took the government into his own hands. He appointed anti-Semitic Premiers, hoping to appease Hitler, but announced "there shall be no violence to Jews."

In 1940 Carol and Magda fled Rumania under a hail of Nazi bullets. They lived quietly in Mexico for a while, then went to Brazil. There Magda took ill with pernicious anemia, and doctors thought she was dying. In their Copacabana Palace suite in 1947, Carol at long last married Elena Lupescu, whom he proclaimed Princess Elena. When Magda recovered, they went to live, a portly, aging couple, in Estoril in Portugal, haven of exiled royalties. There last week, with Magda beside him and few to mourn him, Carol, 59, died of a stroke.



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THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Battle of São Paulo

In São Paulo's municipal election last fortnight, the voters were in a truculent mood. They voted down the government's candidate for mayor, in protest to the government's failure to check inflation; they also slapped down the Communists' candidate, giving him only 4.1% of the vote. Last week the Reds set out to rebuild prestige by a show of strength. Their tactic: seize control of strikes started by non-Communists angry over inflation.

The situation was tailor-made for the Reds: all over the country, the workers,

Instead the crowd grew. Firemen turned their hoses on the strikers, who reacted with laughter and jeers until the plain-clothesmen waded in, swinging rubber truncheons. Saber-wielding cops on horses charged into the mob. Tear-gas bombs ricocheted off iron-shuttered shops and cobbled streets. Fifteen strikers were wounded, one cop stabbed.

Next day the Reds called for another hunger march, but cops sprayed Red headquarters near the cathedral with tear gas, and rounded up 31 weeping Communists on a rooftop. They were jailed, but the strikes continued. On Easter Sunday, while pickets patrolled suburban facto-



COPS V. STRIKERS IN SÃO PAULO
Red know-how got results.

galled by remorseless price rises, were in a rebellious mood. On Rio's waterfront dockers lay the doves left the government-controlled union went over to a militant new independent outfit, they refused to do any overtime work until the government started paying bonuses promised last December. Merchant marine officers threatened a strike that would tie up the government's two shipping lines. Even doctors at government institutions in Rio staged a one-day strike. Things were at their worst in São Paulo, where almost a tenth of the city's population was out of work because strikes had forced shutdowns in textile mills, breweries, machine shops and the building trades. It was in São Paulo that the Communists acted.

To turn the city's strikes into riots required only a little Communist know-how. The Reds moved in with a front called The Committee Against the High Cost of Living, and called on the workers to assemble at Praça da Sé, before the city's unfinished cathedral, for a "March of the Empty Pots." Policemen with loudspeakers warned the strikers to disperse.

ries, an uneasy peace lay over São Paulo's famed skyline. This week a settlement seemed likely in the form of a big wage boost—which would balloon both inflation and the Reds' prestige.

ARGENTINA

Last of the Wehrmacht

In a quiet suburb of Buenos Aires last week, one of Adolf Hitler's old generals held a staff conference with his top officers. Elsewhere in the city, some 200 other officers and men of the Wehrmacht Special Division R (for Russian) gathered in study groups and pored over military textbooks. By day, they were grocery clerks, railway engineers or textile workers; by night, they were heel-clicking soldiers unswervingly loyal to a general, who calls himself Arthur Holmston.

While the general and his men could claim to be the last openly functioning unit of Hitler's army, they grandiosely prefer to consider themselves the cadre of a future Russian army of liberation. All of them are White Russians. General



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Holmston was born Boris Smyslowski near St. Petersburg, 55 years ago. He was a much-decorated Czarist lieutenant when he first started fighting the Reds in 1917. After the Bolsheviks won, he fled to Germany, adopted the name Von Regenau, and made a living as a timber inspector. In World War II, the Nazis sent him to the Balkan front, where he commanded a special division of 4,000 anti-Communist Russian guerrillas.

When the *W'ehrmacht* began to surrender, the general led the remnants of his outfit to neutral Liechtenstein. The men scattered. Pressured by the Kremlin, the tiny principality ordered the general to leave. With the help of the Russian Orthodox archbishop of Argentina, a friend of Juan Perón, he got permission to take the last of his men to Buenos Aires.

Last week in his third-floor apartment, the general—who supports himself and his pretty Polish wife by managing a floor-wax company—was busy planning his future battles against the Red army. "By now the world should know that foreign armies will never conquer Russia," he said. "Only a nationalist army of Russians, fighting Communism but not Russia, can ever hope to succeed. The cadre of that army meets in this room every Saturday. One day the world will call us." Meanwhile, the floor-wax business is fairly brisk.

Knife at the Belly

For months, meat has been getting scarcer and prices higher in the Great Republic of Beef. Last week grumbling had grown too loud to be ignored any longer. With a great show of surprised innocence, Juan Perón burst into speech. He had no idea of what was going on, said he, until his labor leaders (all hand-picked) had told him. "The workers have put a knife against my belly—and they are fully justified." Who was to blame? Not Perón or the labor leaders, of course, but cattle barons and butchers.

Said Perón: "The economic police, with 100 inspectors, can't keep watch over 200,000 or 300,000 shops. [But] if I had 200,000 inspectors, you would simply have to pay their salaries, and anyway, half of them would be thieves. . . . I myself . . . will slaughter cattle in the Avenida General Paz, and give meat away free." To get meat to markets, he threatened to "use troops to storm the cattle ranches." As for black-marketing butchers, "I will make them obey by the rifle butt."

Next day, stock raisers prudently decided to send more cattle to market. Ceiling prices would be obeyed in the shops—for a few weeks. Unsolved was the real problem: Perón's own economic tinkering denied stock raisers adequate profits just when they were hard hit by droughts.

CANADA

The Vigil

In the bustling rotunda of London's King's Cross station, a stocky, grim-faced little man strode briskly through the hurrying crowds this week, peering at the passing faces through horn-rimmed glasses.

es. A few old hands at the station nodded recognition, and the word went around "Mr. Sutherland is back again." John L. Sutherland, 70, a Vancouver cement contractor, was back at King's Cross for the sixth time looking for his son, who is officially reported dead.

Sutherland's search began almost five years after his flyer son Wilfred, 25, shot down over Holland, was reported killed in action. During a London visit, on Easter morning 1948, Sutherland left his hotel room and strolled across the street to King's Cross, because "something seemed to draw me there." Out of nowhere, he says, Wilfred appeared; the two men stared at each other. "He didn't say anything, but I knew he was thinking, 'I've

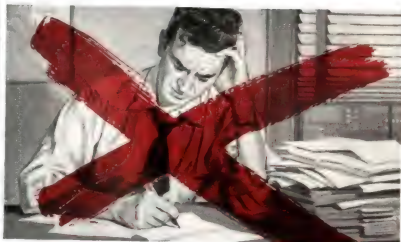


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JOHN L. SUTHERLAND (AT KING'S CROSS)
The train left too soon.

seen your face before." Then Wilfred—or the man Sutherland believed to be Wilfred—was swallowed up in the crowd, and pushed into a train which whisked him away before John Sutherland's shock had worn off. Sutherland's conclusion: Wilfred survived the war but came out a nameless victim of amnesia.

Six times since, Sutherland has come to London to take up his vigil near the trains, hopeful that Wilfred will step out of one of them. When help from the R.A.F. and Scotland Yard reached a dead end, Sutherland had pictures of his son enlarged and distributed, with an offer of a reward for fruitful information. Sutherland stubbornly hangs on to the belief that his son will come back to London for another Easter holiday. "As long as I live," he vowed, "I'll be here at Easter, waiting for him."



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In one Manhattan family, it was mother who made the glamour columns: **Jolie Gabor** announced that she planned to marry a fellow Hungarian who "looks like a diplomat, has the soul of a poet and the mind of an American businessman." Any chance of daughters? **Eva** and **Magda** finding new husbands? Said Jolie sadly: "It is difficult to find husbands for them. They are not little Cinderellas. Always they have had the best minks and the best diamonds."

In Baltimore, Rhymester **Ogden Nash**, 50, interrupted his spring lecture tour long enough to recover from a case of chickenpox (see *Books*).

Washington Columnist **Ruth Montgomery** reported that oldtime Cinemas actress **Mary Pickford**, during a recent White House visit, recalled a White House lunch in 1923 during which President **Calvin Coolidge** spoke only once: "Early in the luncheon, Mrs. Coolidge had informed her husband that **Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy**, wife of the artist, was ill. Silent Cal merely arched. Finally, two courses later, he peered over his spectacles and mumbled, 'D'jasendflowers?'"

Charles E. Bohlen, who had his share of senatorial trouble getting approved as U.S. Ambassador to Russia, met still further delay on his journey to Moscow. Some 15 hours after the Bohlen party (his wife, two children and pet poodle Chou Chou) left New York's Idlewild air-



THE GABORS: EVA, JOLIE, ZSA ZSA, MAGDA
Mother faces a problem.

port, they were back at Idlewild with engine trouble. After a further three-hour wait, they were off again. At week's end the Bohlens were finally in Europe.

The Democratic Party's globe-trotting standard-bearer, **Adlai Stevenson**, arrived in Saigon for a six-day visit through Indo-China, including a three-hour luncheon conference with Vietnamese Chief of State **Bao Dai**. Later, at a luncheon in Phat Diem, south of Hanoi, Stevenson found a gambit for his humor in the tablecloth, decorated with an elephant. His host, Catholic Bishop **Le Huu Tu**, quickly explained the elephant on the tablecloth was a native beast, no relation to the Republican species in the U.S.

In Chicago, Milliner **Lilly Daché** explained why she now dabbles in the creation of men's neckties as well as women's hats: "The ties are little peace offerings. A woman can take a little tie home to her husband and give it to him before she shows him the hat or the price."

In Washington, Mrs. **Mary Jane McCaffree**, secretary to **Mamie Eisenhower**, broke the Easter news that the First Lady had gone shopping for one new bonnet, had bought two instead but planned to wear a suit already in her wardrobe.

In London, Mrs. **Winston Churchill** celebrated her 68th birthday. Among the activities: a trip to the theater with her husband to see **Oscar Wilde's A Woman of No Importance**.

The proposal to provide a \$300,000 mansion in Manhattan for **Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.**, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., drew a prompt veto from the prospective tenant, The Lodge reasoning: a waste of money. "I suppose [it] is part of my education in the idiotic things that happen in

a bureaucracy . . . The one thing I am not trying to do is increase the expense of the Government. My whole effort is in the opposite direction."

At a dance in Copenhagen, an alert photographer got a playtime picture of **Princess Margrethe**, daughter of **King Frederik** and **Queen Ingrid** and heir presumptive to the Danish throne. The princess, who will be 13 this week, claimed the prerogative of teen-age abandon, flew down the stairs two at a time, leaving her bewildered escort far behind.

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil awarded former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** the Order of the Southern Cross.

In a letter to the *Hartford Courant*, **Chester Bowles**, ex-Ambassador to India, reported that he was considering devoting the rest of his life to American foreign affairs. In the meantime, "believe it or not, nine publishers have written . . . asking if I would be interested in doing a book. I have finally settled on one and I hope to have it finished by midsummer."

On the eve of his departure for a series of conferences in Turkey, Greece and Italy, British Foreign Secretary **Anthony Eden** was told by his doctors to cancel his trip. Reason: his chronic cholecystitis (inflammation of the gall bladder) demanded an immediate operation.

In Washington, FBI Boss **J. Edgar Hoover** asked a House Appropriations subcommittee for an increase of \$6,000,000 this year, giving his department a total budget of \$77 million. Among his reasons for the increase: the need for more agents because "enemy espionage rings are more intensively operated today than they have been at any previous time in the history of the country."



PRINCESS MARGRETHE
Daughter claimed a prerogative.

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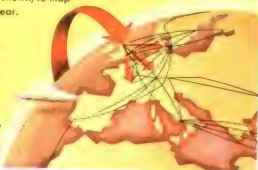
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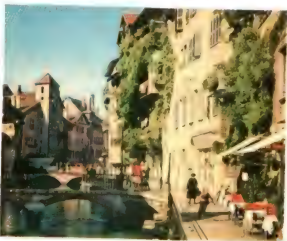
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MEDICINE

Veterans' Oaths

If a Veterans Administration hospital has an empty bed, it must admit an ailing ex-serviceman even if his illness has nothing to do with his military duty. He simply swears that he has no means to pay for private care, and a 1935 law has been interpreted as forbidding the VA to check up on his story. Doctors and medical administrators have long protested this soft-headed provision, but to no avail. Last week Republican Congressman John Phillips of California told how it is being abused.

Phillips' appropriations subcommittee picked out 500 affidavits which looked fishy, and did its own checking. It found that 336 of the patients who had taken the oath of indigence actually had incomes of \$4,000 to \$50,000 a year. And 25 of them owned property valued at \$20,000 to \$500,000.

If the present policy is continued, said Phillips, it will cost \$4 billion for 200,000 extra beds and "take us into socialized medicine without our realizing it."

Fear & Shock

For all their studies of accident victims and war wounded, doctors still cannot explain much about individual differences in reaction to shock. One thing that has a lot to do with the effects of shock, many doctors believe, is fear. Not only will fear of pain make pain feel worse, but fear itself seems to contribute directly to the shock reaction, so that one man may die helplessly where another may save himself. Last week, to support this view, came the story of a man who had little fear.

Carl Creel, 26, a mechanic six weeks out of the Army, was jouncing along a

Mississippi highway one day when he hit a hole in the road and his car flipped over on its side. Creel's left arm, part way through the window, was trapped between the car and the paving. He could think of only one thing to do, and he did it. As Creel told his own case history:

"The blood was jetting out more than a foot. I was afraid the car would catch on fire, so I got my knife out of my pocket and went to work. The skin was not too hard to cut, but every time I chopped through a tendon I felt a jerk in the nerves of my neck. The cutting was made easier by the fact that bones in the arm were broken through. I just followed the line of the break with the blade of my knife."

Thus Creel amputated his forearm. Holding the arm against his ribs and squeezing it with his right hand to stanch the bleeding, he walked a mile to the nearest house, where he got a towel for a crude tourniquet. Two hours after the accident, he got to a hospital in Hattiesburg. Professionals tidied up his rough & ready surgery, and Creel was soon resting easily. Then he expressed his chief fear: that the amputation might make it harder for him to support his wife and baby.

The Ocean of the Mind

The human brain is like the ocean in more ways than one. Both have a titanic capacity for good and evil; both have surface waves and unplumbed depths. What Rachel Carson wrote of the ocean (in *The Sea Around Us*) is as true of the brain: "The largest and most awe-inspiring waves . . . are invisible; they move on their mysterious courses far down in the hidden depths . . . rolling ponderously and unceasingly." This week there was a flurry of medical news made by research-



MOTORIST CREEL

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950

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ELECTRONIC AMPLIFIER—1953 MODEL

The Raytheon junction transistor is one of the biggest things in electronics—a rugged new kind of amplifier which operates from one flashlight cell.

Yet this little device, a single speck of germanium, is smaller than a paper clip—works perfectly at $\frac{1}{10}$ the power needed by the smallest vacuum tube.

Today, much of Raytheon's transistor output goes to America's hearing aid industry.

Tomorrow, hundreds of new transistor applications. Not necessarily as a replacement for vacuum tubes—but as a new and mighty electronic force which will speed development of equipment not now possible.

Raytheon production of junction transistors—another "first" for the company which ranks near the top in production of vacuum tubes and other electronic equipment.



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ers probing the dark unfathom'd caves of mind.

Convinced that surface brain waves, picked up by electrodes pasted on the scalp and recorded by the electroencephalograph, reveal little of what is happening below, the researchers had been plumbing the deeps with electrodes planted several inches down in the living brain. They hoped thus to learn where the controls are located for reflexes and instincts, emotions and reasoning. From this, they could go on to the diagnosis and treatment of physical disorders in the brain, and eventually, perhaps, to solving the riddle of mental illness, such as schizophrenia.

Monkey Business as Usual. From Yale Medical School to Chicago went a young Spanish physiologist to tell of what he has learned from monkeys. Dr. José M. Rodríguez Delgado has drilled holes in the skulls of anesthetized rhesus monkeys,

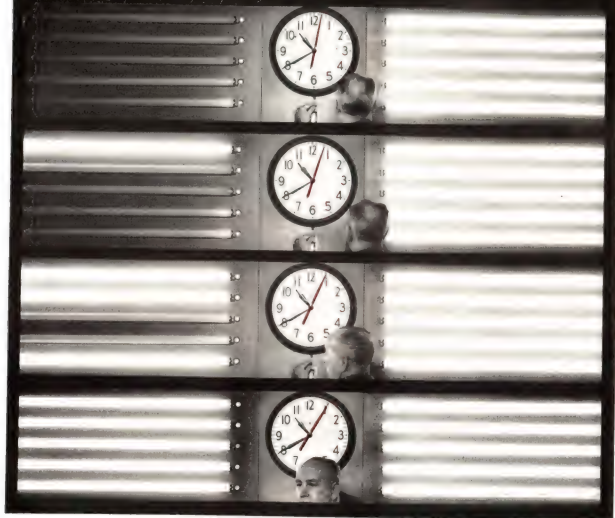


RESEARCHER DELGADO
In the brain, unplumbed deeps.

jabbed fine electrodes ($\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter) deep into their brains, and carried connecting wires out to a tiny socket of the type used in midjet radios. The sockets are attached at the back of the animal's head. The monkeys recover quickly from the operation, appear to feel no discomfort, and go about their monkey business as usual. Then, by plugging into the sockets and making connections with electrical instruments, Dr. Delgado can either record the animals' normal brain waves or modify them by running a tiny current through their brains and watching how this affects their behavior.

With as many as 40 leads into the brain of a single monkey, Dr. Delgado has found that by passing a current through different parts of the cortex, he can stimulate a resting monkey to raise his paws, scratch himself, turn around, yawn, or start trying to catch imaginary insects. In some monkeys he stimulated the lateral hypothalamus for an hour a day, and

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the animals ate up to ten times as much as usual. A few days after stimulation is stopped, the monkeys' appetites go back to normal. The seat of a monkey's love for bananas evidently is deep in the frontal lobe of the brain: current applied here will make him refuse bananas.

Applied to most parts of the brain, electric stimulation has no effect on the monkey's emotions, but the hippocampal region (midway between the ears) is an exception. An electric tickle there turned a ferocious rhesus into a macaque Milquetoast; he even let Dr. Delgado take the liberty of stroking his face. The moment the current was turned off, he tried to bite.

From monkeys, and eventually from human subjects, Dr. Delgado hopes to find precise spots in the brain where electrical stimulation or destruction can be used as a refined form of surgery, instead of the drastic lobotomy (TIME, May 28, 1951), for victims of schizophrenia. Dr. Delgado and some other researchers have already gone on from animals to men as subjects for studies in deep electroencephalography.

An Occasional Tingle. Tulane University investigators who have worked with Dr. Robert Galbraith Heath were also due in Chicago this week to tell more of their specialized study of schizophrenics. While teammates work on the patients' body chemistry, including metabolism and hormones, Dr. Heath wires their brains.

Dr. Heath has drilled into the skulls of 32 schizophrenics, planted electrodes deep in the forebrain of each, and fastened the wire leads to a plastic plate mounted on the skull. In one particular part of the forebrain, Dr. Heath has found what he believes to be abnormal, "spiking" brain waves of a type peculiar to schizophrenia. This is one of the research avenues he is following. He has also found that schizophrenics who seemed hopelessly withdrawn and deranged sometimes show a striking outward improvement after they have carried the electrodes around in their heads for a few weeks and have received an occasional electric tingle. More than that he will not say.

"I Can See Joe." From the Mayo Clinic came a comprehensive report of elaborate investigations there by a distinguished team, one of whose stars is British-born Physiologist Reginald G. Bickford. The Mayo workers have placed electrodes deep in the brains of 13 patients at Rochester (Minn.) State Hospital to study schizophrenia, epilepsy and related seizures and brain tumors, always as a means of deciding exactly what surgery will be best. They have found that the deep brain waves make it possible to locate a tumor more precisely than ever before, and also to spot the damaged region which is causing epilepsy. These are then cut out by standard surgery. Schizophrenics get a selective form of lobotomy.

Dr. Bickford and his colleagues have also turned up some fascinating sidelights which may mean much to the eventual charting of all the brain's currents. One epileptic patient, when a particular spot was stimulated, suddenly said, "I can see



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Joe." He soon explained that often, before a seizure, he had a mental picture of himself bathing with his friend Joe. The electrical stimulus had flashed that picture on his mind's screen. What may be just as important was the researchers' letdown: they could never get that picture back again.

In a schizophrenic subject, they were able to get sharply defined brain waves of his sense of smell, indicating the intensity of the smell when they gave him a whiff of tincture of valerian. To their surprise, they found that whereas most sensory perceptions are transmitted by a frequency-modulation system, the sense of smell appears to work by amplitude modulation. In the oceans of the mind, it seems, there are both hidden waves and different types of current.

Capsules

Seventy thousand lives were saved last year by early detection of cancer, the American Cancer Society estimated. If every case had been detected early and treated by the best known methods, 140,000 might have been saved. Launching its 1953 drive for \$18 million, the society said that with present knowledge, cancer-cure rates can be increased thus: lung, 5% to 50%; rectum, 15% to 75%; mouth, 40% to 65%; skin, 85% to 95%; female reproductive system, from 30% to 80%; breast, 35% to 70%.

The University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas E. Salk, of polio-vaccine fame, reported in the A.M.A. Journal that the technique of preparing killed virus in a mineral-oil suspension (instead of water) works well in influenza vaccines also. His research team, which includes Army medicals, said the oil vaccine gives protection against flu for two years (twice as long as the water form) or even longer, and against a larger number of flu-virus strains.

Seeking a long-term cure for its acute doctor shortage (seven counties have none at all), Georgia joined the ranks of states offering substantial aid to medical students. Up to 14 students may now borrow up to \$1,500 apiece from the state in each school year. For every year they practice in a rural area or small town (pop. 5,000 or less), Georgia will top \$1,000 off their loan.

"Is there any foundation for belief in the spontaneous combustion of chronic alcoholics?" a correspondent asked the British Medical Journal. No, said the editor, Charles Dickens' case (Mr. Krook in Bleak House) notwithstanding. "There is no scientific foundation for the theory that hell fire is anticipated . . . in chronic alcoholics."

To make electric-shock treatment quicker and safer, the University of Texas Dr. Neville Murray recommended giving the patients succinylcholine (instead of curare) to relax their muscles, and no barbiturates. The whole job can be done in 80 seconds, he reported; patients need little restraint (one attendant is ample) and do not hurt themselves. Most can soon walk back to their rooms.

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We don't claim miracles. We can't prevent baldness. Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff.

Dermatologists, while differing as to causes of baldness, say that the condition characterized by excessive dandruff does frequently lead to baldness.

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*—also known as *Pityrosporum Ovale*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:



1ST STAGE
Spores of Malassez

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp, drop to your shoulders.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands, dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

A scalp hygiene program: the Kreml Method

Watch your general health; if you're "run down," see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the right kind of care. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kreml Method of scalp hygiene—used professionally by leading barbers and hairdressers:



2ND STAGE
Bacilli may be present.

TODAY, get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. And make sure you have a good shampoo on hand. TONIGHT, start the Kreml Method of treatment. Shake Kreml Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously.

Next, apply shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. Now, rinse with water.



Dandruff on shoulders is excessive dandruff . . . a sign your scalp needs care.

Lather again. Rinse. Dry your hair thoroughly. Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair in place.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning: Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place. Kreml Hair Tonic contains just enough oil to hold your hair the way you like it. There's no greasy, plastered-down appearance.

Improvement in condition of hair and scalp should come quickly. In more



3RD STAGE
Bacilli shown may be present. Hair growth may be affected.

stubborn cases, repeat the Kreml-and-shampoo treatment as necessary.

Inhibits growth of bacilli

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kreml Hair Tonic DO inhibit the growth of bacilli and of the Spores of Malassez. The Kreml Method is not offered as a substitute for the services of a dermatologist—but it has helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

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SPORT

"Extraordinary Luck"

Mrs. Frank Small, a New Zealand housewife, flubs around the fairways (handicap: 17) like any other golfer, but off the tees she is phenomenal. Last January, she was naturally elated when she scored the golfer's dream: a hole in one. Then, in ten weeks of play, she scored three more. Last week Mrs. Small was the sensation of the Antipodes. Playing on her home course at Invercargill, where there are four short holes (190, 135, 120 and 114 yds.), Mrs. Small sank Hole-in-One No. 5. Two days later, playing before a buzzing, unbelieving gallery, she smacked another one straight and true, dead to the pin, for her sixth hole in one in 25 months.

"An extraordinary run of luck," said Housewife Small. Then, flustered by the hullabaloo, she left town for the Easter holidays, leaving her golf clubs behind.

No. 1 Again

At the crack of the starter's gun, the six swimmers plunged into the pool—Jimmy McLane just a splash ahead of the rest. For the first length of the 50-meter pool, the six were almost neck & neck. Then, almost imperceptibly, McLane began to draw away. Porpoising along at a steady 35 strokes to a length, he won last week's National A.A.U. 1,500-meter championship by a full length of Yale's Payne Whitney pool. Among the twilight swimmers Jimmy McLane left in his wake were Olympians John Marshall (of Australia and Yale), Peter Duncan (of South Africa and the University of Oklahoma), and Wayne Moore (of Nichols, Conn. and Yale). For McLane, it was a splashy comeback, at the age of 22, as the No. 1 U.S. distance man.

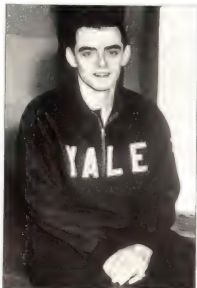
As McLane himself sees it, it was more of a catch-up than a comeback. Seven years ago, at 15, he was a national outdoor titleholder at distances ranging from 100 to 1,500 meters. At 17, as a crew-cut, prep schoolboy (Andover), he became the Olympic 1,500-meter champion. But from then on, Jimmy McLane spent a good part of his swimming time gulping the backwash of such stars as Japan's Hiroshiro ("The Flying Fish") Furuhashi, Australia's Marshall and Hawaii's Ford Konno. It was not because he slowed down; the others just got faster.

Furuhashi lopped almost a minute off Jimmy's Olympic time (19:18.5) for 1,500 meters—roughly as good as running a mile twelve seconds faster than anybody had ever done it before. Furuhashi's "incredible" performances, later matched by Marshall and Konno, set up for McLane what he now thinks was a psychological barrier. "My main difficulty was that I had already gone as far as I could go. I started at the top." But he started all over again, in four years managed to cut half a minute off his time for the 1,500 meters.

A Yale senior facing military service in June, Jimmy figured that this would be

his last swimming season ("Swimming is only for college boys"). He made it a good one. In the Eastern Intercollegiate last month, he won both the 1,500-meter and 400-yd. races. In the N.C.A.A. meet a fortnight ago, he doubled at 1,500 and the 200-yd., finishing second (to Teammate Moore) at 440 yds.

Last week, after winning the 1,500, Jimmy came back to win the 220-yd. event in 2:07.2, just 1.7 seconds off the world record, then whipped the field at 440 yds.



SWIMMER McLANE
He started at the top.

to join Marshall, Konno and Jack Medica as indoor triple-distance winners in a single A.A.U. meet. McLane figures that this is his farewell to swimming, and after ten years of competition he is not really unhappy about it: "In fact, it wouldn't break my heart if the Army stuck me in the Sahara Desert."

The Chicago Idea

Paul Rapier Richards, manager of the Chicago White Sox, can be as sharp-tongued as his middle name, as taciturn as a Texas cowpoke, or as cajoling as a pressagent. It all depends on the temperament of the player Richards is trying to rouse to top performance. In 1951, by a combination of wheedling and browbeating, Freshman Manager Richards brought his baseball team to a fourth-place finish (from sixth in 1950). Last year the White Sox finished third, and this year, after a winter of rebuilding and trading, Manager Richards announces: "Our goal is the top." This is not, of course, the same thing as saying the Sox are going to finish on top. But it is the kind of talk White Sox fans like to hear. They have been waiting for a pennant for a long time. Their last winners were the crooked "Black Sox" of 1919.

Contented Trader. The 1953 version of the White Sox is Richards' idea of what a ball club should be: hustling, hustling and fiery. It lacks heavyweight hitting, but will try to make up for it by defensive skill, tight pitching, and speed on the base paths. Richards was more than content this winter to trade slugging First Baseman Eddie Robinson (.22 homers) for Philadelphia First Baseman Ferris Fain, who hit enough singles last year to become league batting champion (.347). Fain will be Richards' "take-charge" man in a tight defensive infield that includes Second Baseman Nelson Fox, Shortstop



MANAGER RICHARDS
His goal is the top.

Chico Carrasquel and Veteran Third Baseman Vernon Stephens.

There was no individual 20-game winner on the White Sox pitching staff last year, but Manager Richards, once a canny catcher (Detroit Tigers) himself, got a lot of fine pitching out of the staff as a whole. It led the league in strike-outs (774), held the opposition to the lowest composite batting average (.238), and had the league's second-lowest earned-run average. The staff's main supports: Bill Pierce (15-12), Veteran Joe Dobson (14-10), Saul Rogovin (14-9), Reliever Harry Dorish. "We kept the nucleus of this good staff," says Richards, "and made it stronger with trades." One trade, with Washington, brought him young (21) Cuban Mike Fomiele, who pitched a one-hitter against the A's in his major-league debut last year. Another pitching hopeful is Rookie Bob Keegan, 20-11 last season with Syracuse, where he led the International League in victories, innings pitched and shutouts.

Battles Promised. Richards' outfield is strong-armed and fast, the equal, defensively, of any outfield in baseball. It has fleet-footed Jim Rivera in center, Orestes ("Minnie") Minoso, league base-stealing champ (22) in left, Sam Mele (.259 and 64 runs batted in) in right. Catcher Sherm



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While the Westinghouse Dishwasher in her kitchen does the dishes, Mrs. Shallenberger joins her husband and children, Robby, Peter and Cathy, for a relaxed evening.

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Lollar is backed by Rookie Robert ("Red") Wilson, who hit .297 for Seattle.

Says Richards, eyeing the opening of the season next week: "We are going to give them all a battle." The word "all" obviously includes the world-champion Yankees. Chicago fans hope Paul Richards isn't just cajoling them.

Cutting Horse

Tucson hustled with ten-gallon hats and horse talk. Cattlemen and horse breeders from all over the wide West were winding up the 1953 convention of the American Quarter Horse Association, and they found plenty of horseless to admire. A three-year-old named Rukin String drew his share of the talk by running the quarter-mile in 22.1 seconds—just a tenth over the world record. But the climax of Tucson's week was the cutting-horse contest, which had brought to town 34 of the best-trained ranch horses in the world.

A cutting horse needs high spirits and a high I.Q. His highly specialized ranch job is to nose into a herd and cut away calves marked for market. Rancher Gay Copeland, president of the N.C.H.A. last year, sums up the requirements: "He has to be light on his feet, like a dancer. He has to be easy to turn, and a quick thinker. He has to know which way a calf intends to move, then outsmart him."

Battle of Wits. By the final go-round last week, it was apparent to the crowd that a four-year-old hay mare named Marion's Girl, a virtual unknown in cutting-horse circles, was the horse to beat. Owned by Rancher Marion Flynt of Midland, Texas, who bought her 18 months ago for \$2,000, Marion's Girl took an early lead in points and was never headed.

In the first, nuzzling gently into a herd of 45 calves under the slack reined guidance of her regular rider and trainer, Buster Welch, Marion's Girl singled out the liveliest calf of the show. Within 20 seconds she had nudged the calf clear of the herd. In ranch work, this would be all that Marion's Girl would have to do: the calf would be roped and led away. In exhibition work, a pair of "turnback" riders, yelling and waving hats, try to drive the calf back into the herd again. This time, charging back from the whooping, the calf found Marion's Girl squarely in his path. Then began a battle of wits and reflexes.

Master's Degree. Prancing nimbly, but standing her ground with no urging from Rider Welch, the horse halted the calf in his rush. For the next minute the two played a dart-and-dodge game, the calf trying to get around the horse and back to the herd. Then the calf gave up—Marion's Girl gravely facing him, head on. Nose to nose they stood, frustrated calf and triumphant horse, while the crowd shouted its appreciation. Said one fervent rancher: "A cow pony with a master's degree."

Rancher Flynt (Square Top 3), who dabbles in oil, baseball (as president of the Midland Indians of the Texas Longhorn League) and rodeos (as president of the Midland Riders), is mighty proud of his horse with cow sense. He brags that he wouldn't sell her for all the oil in Texas.



IT'S ALL OVER

For a while it seemed the flood might somehow pass this farm by. Then, up river, a levee went out. And in thirty minutes, more than fifteen feet of murderous water crashed through. Everyone grabbed what he could and fled. What- ever fell from the truck was left behind, to be buried in the sand and the gravel and the rank, yellow silt.

Now they can come back. The man of the place can forage for his stock. His woman, if she finds the heart for it, can try to bring warmth and life back to a wrecked and waterlogged house. And maybe their little girl can comfort her stricken doll.

But no one can bring back the acres of topsoil swirling toward the sea. In three decades, over three billion dollars' worth of property has been swept down river in this country. There is no return for losses like that.

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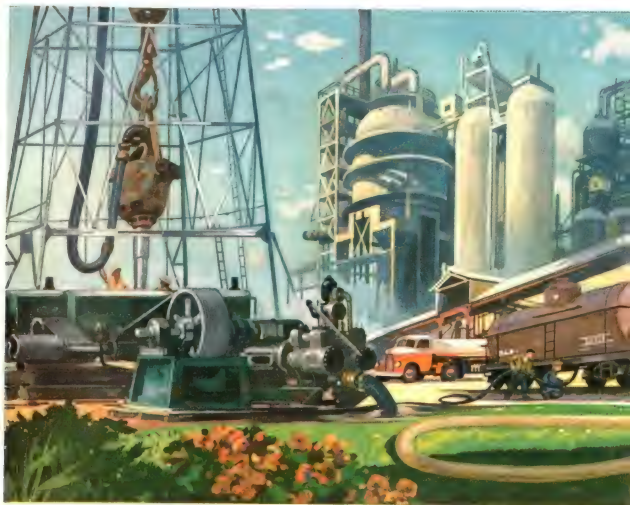
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valves that raise the oil to the surface, you'll find rubber at work in the oil fields.

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G.T.M. has designed special hoses, formulated special compounds of oil resistant rubber for use in the petroleum industry. These special forms of rubber are so made that they don't swell, flake off or deteriorate in the presence of oil products—assuring longer, more trouble-free service when they are built into the many products used in the petroleum industry.

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THE PRESS

The Rover Boys in Moscow

All over the U.S. last week, editors read the Moscow traffic that came in over their A.P., U.P., and I.N.S. teletype machines, and wondered. Over the wires from the U.S.S.R.'s capital came dispatches giving the rosiest accounts of life in Russia that the editors had read in many a day. Moscow's "amazingly beautiful" subway, said one wide-eyed U.P. story, combines unmatched "public service, beauty and cultural design." There were stories about Moscow's "well-dressed" crowds and "kids skipping rope." Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* thought the stories fitted the party line

time, already in London and homeward-bound, they suddenly got permission from the Russians to go to Moscow, obviously as part of the new peace campaign (see INTERNATIONAL). Publisher Wick, his wife and eight others hastily boarded a plane.

The Russians, all smiles, were ready for them. Over vodka and shashlik, at a dinner party given for the visiting Americans, one Communist editor rose and proposed a toast to "Mr. Eisenhower and the American people." Just as quickly, Publisher Wick was on his feet, toasting "the health of Premier Georgy Malenkov." With Potemkin-like efficiency, the group was taken on carefully conducted tours through the subway, to a collectiv-



U.S. JOURNALISTS' OFF TO RUSSIA
As rosy as Potemkin's villages.

so well that it ran them without doctoring a sentence.

The stories were not written by Russian propagandists or by permanent correspondents in Moscow who sometimes sound the same (see below). They were the handiwork of a group of U.S. radio-men and newsmen who had unexpectedly been allowed to enter Russia. Mostly editors and publishers of small-town dailies and weeklies, they were aptly dubbed "The Rover Boys in Moscow" by the *New York Post*. They wrote about Moscow as if they had never seen a big city.

A Toast to Ike. Moscow was their last stop on an eleven-country flying tour of Europe run by James L. Wick, board chairman of the Niles (Ohio) *Daily Times* (est. circ. 3,634), with interests in seven other small papers, and part owner of the travel bureau that arranged the trip. (Last year, on a similar junket, Wick's group could not get into Russia, but he made headlines nonetheless by cabling Stalin and asking whether the world was moving closer to war. Stalin's answer: "No.") This

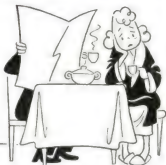
farm, to the new Moscow University building, and to a candy factory.

The editors sounded thoroughly amazed at these marvels. Wrote John H. Biddle, publisher of the Huntingdon (Pa.) *Daily News*: "The Red October chocolate and candy factory [produces] all kinds of candy, plus wrappers and cartons . . . One of the experts in the chocolate-mixing department . . . smilingly announced that she likes her job very much."

More Marvels. Next day, on a farm "typical . . . of the Sovietization of agriculture," they stood dazzled at equipment standard on most big U.S. dairy

Left to right: Mrs. Jane McHenry, Doug Ingerson, Dr. George E. Simon, John H. Biddle, WHYN, Huntingdon, Pa.; E. A. Simon, Tarentum, Pa. *Yellow News*; John H. Biddle, Huntingdon, Pa. *Daily News*; Mrs. James L. Wick, Niles, Ohio *Daily Times*; Mrs. Martha Heibel, Alliance, Ohio *Daily Review*; Bennett O. Knudsen, KATE, Albert Lea, Minn.; James L. Wick, Wick Newspapers, Mared Durian, owner-manager. Not in picture: Rebecca F. Gross, East Haven, Pa. *Daily Express*.

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farms. "Milking is done by a machine," said the U.P. story, "taking the milk in an overhead glass tube to a central point . . ." The only familiar note: "We . . . had a good laugh on Jim Wick when he slipped and landed right in a mudhole."

Many stay-at-home editors thought that, judged by their fatuous findings, all of the traveling editors had fallen on their faces.

Reporter on Red Square

The New York Times, the only non-Communist newspaper in the free world with a staff correspondent in Moscow,* sometimes gives as distorted a picture of Russia as the traveling U.S. journalists (see above). Though its correspondent, Harrison E. Salisbury, files only closely censored stories, the Times prints his dispatches as it gets them, assumes that the paper's readers are "intelligent enough" to know they may be reading Communist propaganda. It tries to keep Salisbury's picture of Russia in focus with separate interpretative articles and editorials.

This week in the New Leader, Associate Editor Louis Jay Herman charged that Salisbury's "rosy-hued" dispatches give a completely distorted picture of Russia. Wrote Herman: "As one reads Salisbury's bright, cheery comments on life under Stalinism, it takes a positive effort of will to recall that this is the same country of concentration camps and secret police terror reported by other observers . . . [Salisbury] has been giving a startling practical demonstration of how to use America's sturdiest pillar of journalistic respectability as a transmission belt for the official Soviet propaganda line."

"The Times has never had much luck with its Moscow correspondents. Walter Duranty . . . waxed rhapsodic over the Soviet 'experiment' throughout the 1920s and much of the 1930s . . . The 'Times man' in Moscow from 1941 to 1943, Ralph Parker, turned up shortly afterward as correspondent for both the London and New York [Communist] Daily Workers, leaving a trail of glowing red faces behind him . . ."

"Some might imagine the difference between the Soviet and American press to be that between a regimented, controlled press and a free, democratic one. But Mr. Salisbury dissents: 'The [Soviet] conception of the press is different. Its basic function is conceived to be one of informing and educating . . . It is regarded as much more important that the Soviet public be informed effectively and correctly than that news be rushed into print . . ."

"That the Communist press finds cause for rejoicing in [Salisbury's] reporting should astonish no one. What is considerably less comprehensible, however, is that one of the world's great newspapers should place so high a price on the privilege of maintaining a correspondent in Soviet Russia that it is content with [Salisbury]."

* The wire services have five Moscow correspondents: two A.P. men and one each for U.P., Agence France Presse, and Reuters (whose man also works part time for London dailies).

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"God's P.I.O."

On St. Patrick's Day two years ago, an Irish-born war correspondent named Patrick O'Connor celebrated his own birthday by crossing the Han River in an amphibious Duck and entering newly liberated Seoul. From a plane a few days before, he had noted that Seoul's Catholic cathedral was still standing. Finding his way to it, O'Connor tolled its bell. From the seemingly deserted ruins, scores of Koreans emerged as if by magic. Newsman O'Connor said Mass for them.

No ordinary correspondent, greying, 54-year-old Reporter O'Connor had every right to officiate at the Mass and write a story about it the same day. He is a Roman Catholic priest. As correspondent for the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, Father O'Connor



CORRESPONDENT O'CONNOR
With his notebook, a Mass kit.

covers the Far East for more than 500 Catholic weeklies and magazines all over the world, has earned a reputation among combat reporters as one of the ablest in the Far East and been dubbed by them "God's P.I.O."[®]

Piety & Writing. Patrick O'Connor carries a reporter's notebook and a chaplain's Mass kit wherever he goes, often finds use for both. In Tokyo last week, he filed a story on 18 churchmen of all faiths visiting Japan as guests of the Army, heard confessions at a Catholic student center. Next day he wrote a feature story on the Catholic bishop of Seoul, followed it with a file on Crown Prince Akihito's departure for the British coronation. Then he slipped on his field uniform and caught an Army plane for his 15th trip to Korea. He flew to the front in a light plane, wrote a story about the presentation of a statue of Our Lady of Fatima to the First Marine Division, then helped



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chaplains celebrate Easter Mass, and got ready to go to Panmunjom to cover this week's armistice talks.

Dublin-born Pat O'Connor always had a hankering to be a writer. But he got his master's degree from Ireland's National University, studied for the priesthood, and was ordained in the Society of St. Columban. Young priests of the order usually go to the Far East. Instead, O'Connor was sent to the U.S. headquarters near Omaha, to edit the order's magazine, *Far East* (circ. 170,000). For 32 years he ran the magazine, often reminding his missionary contributors: "Piety is no substitute for writing technique..."

Stories & Paratroopers. The National Catholic News Service sent him to Japan at war's end. When he appeared at Tokyo's Press Club, which often looks more like an overcrowded saloon than a correspondents' billet, Father O'Connor, in khaki pants, black coat and clerical collar, startled the members so much that one newsman said: "We felt as if Carry Nation had dropped in and asked to be billeted on top of the bar." Later, Correspondent O'Connor flew to Yenan, China, and in an exclusive interview with Chinese Communist Leader Chou En-lai, bluntly asked what would happen to religion under the Reds. Chou's reply: "Science will have solved all questions and this will automatically dispose of religion."

Father O'Connor has a good reporter's sharp eye for detail, lets the religious notes sound where they belong. In the early months of the Korean war, riding north to cover a combat jump with a Flying Boxcar of paratroopers, he heard confessions on the way to the target, blessed the men as they went out the door. "With marvelous precision," Father O'Connor ended his story, "our flight lands, each wide-winged plane seconds apart from the next on a sunny, peaceful field. We are hundreds of miles from where we saw men drop to danger. Shortly it will be noon—noon of Good Friday."

Troubleshooter

In the last few years, the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. (*Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *American*) has been having trouble. To pep up *Collier's*, the biggest troublemaker, a series of drastic shake-ups was prescribed (*TIME*, June 22, 1946 et seq.). But there was little improvement. Crowell-Collier's earnings dropped from a high of \$6,500,000 in 1946 to a scant \$76,497 in 1952, or 5¢ a share, the lowest of any major U.S. magazine-publishing house. This week Crowell-Collier announced that it had hired a new vice president, who will "take a hard look at everything here." The troubleshooter: Paul C. (for Clifford) Smith, 44, who, as editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, was such an important figure that he was petitioned to run for mayor, was called on to settle labor disputes, and had a big hand in the city's civic affairs. Vice President Smith, who quit his job as editor four months ago, will roam the company troubleshooting wherever Crowell-Collier needs him, at \$40,000-plus a year.



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RADIO & TV

New Blood

The Brooch, a typically grim little short story by Novelist William Faulkner (*Sans-tuary, Intruder in the Dust*), tells of a young man who married the town tramp to escape his possessive mother. It ends with the young man committing suicide. Last week *The Brooch* appeared on *Lux Video Theater* (Thurs. 9 p.m., CBS) in a TV adaptation written by Author Faulkner. Some changes had been made: the young man no longer kills himself, and his wife is no longer a tramp. The story emerged as a perfectly adequate but hardly startling half-hour's TV entertainment, starring Dan Duryea, Sally Forrest and Mildred Natwick.

Producer Calvin Kuhl used the Faulkner play to signalize the switch of the



AUTHOR FAULKNER & ACTOR DURYEA
After three tries, certified purity.

Video Theater from Mondays to Thursdays. He is enthusiastic about Faulkner as a new TV writer, and paid him for his script one of the highest prices (undisclosed) in the three-year history of *Lux Video Theater*. Kuhl first met Faulkner last fall, when the novelist came to Manhattan on a visit and said he was interested in television. They talked for half an hour: "Most of the time, Faulkner just asked questions about sets, time lapses, costume changes, camera techniques. He was more concerned about how it was done than in content." After reading a number of Faulkner short stories, Kuhl finally selected *The Brooch* as the likeliest candidate: "You'd say to yourself, 'God, that's an impossible thing to tackle,' but then you'd turn to the next story and that was worse."

Kuhl handed Faulkner a page and a half of *Lux*-inspired suggestions for tidying up the characters and the plot. In



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four days Faulkner was back with a script. Says Kuhl: "There were some wonderful lines in it, but they would have offended." After two more tries, Faulkner turned in a script that could be certified pure enough for TV. Kuhl is eager to do more Faulkner stories and even hopes the novelist can be tempted to write some originals. How did Faulkner himself like the TV version of *The Bunch*? Says Kuhl: "I talked to him right after the show, and he said he liked it fine. But some of his friends didn't. One of them asked him: 'Why did you do this?' Faulkner looked at him steadily and said: 'For money.'"

"Blab-Off"

In Cincinnati, Audio Controls Corp. offered a gadget to throttle TV commercials. Named Blab-Off, the device is a simple, remote-control sound switch, advertised to eliminate the "long, loud, vulgar, boring commercials that force their way into your living room." While the advertising spiel goes off, the TV picture stays on, so that viewers can tell when the commercial is over and switch the sound on again. Price: \$2.98. Advertisements for Blab-Off have been refused by *The New Yorker* Magazine, the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, possibly because the sales pitch was right up there with the longest, loudest commercials: "Money Back If Not Delighted . . . Positively Guaranteed . . . It's Easy, It's Simple. It's Sure . . ."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 10, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Lohengrin*, with Sullivan, Steber, Harshaw, Sigurd Bjorling.

Youth Wants to Know (Sun. 1 p.m., NBC and NBC-TV). Teen-agers question West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). First radio performance of Arthur Berger's *Ideas of Order*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Shirley Booth in *The Glass Menagerie*.

Promenade Symphony (Mon. 8:30 p.m., ABC). A new summer music show.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, with Helen Traubel and Rose Marie.

Lilli Palmer Show (Sun. 2:45 p.m., CBS). Dancer-Actor Robert Helpmann on "Nijinski and the Ballet."

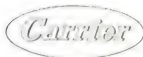
Omnibus (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Children's music, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, and a feature story based on *Life's The World We Live In* series.

ABC Album (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Paul Douglas in *Justice*. Beginning a new dramatic series.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Lee Bowman in *The Glass Cage*.

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ART

Red Posters

The huge poster in Dresden's Unity Square last week was bright red with a blaring message: WE WELCOME THE FIRST SOCIALIST ART EXHIBIT. Inside an immense gallery, East Germany's Communists had set up their biggest art show since the war: 599 paintings and sculptures by artists from both sides of the Red frontier. As art, the exhibit was hardly worth a second glance, but it did serve to give the West a rare and fascinating look at what happens to artists under Moscow tutelage.

What visiting West German critics saw were rank upon rank of slavish, poster-like pictures and sculpture dedicated to tested propaganda themes. They bore such titles as *World Youth Festivals*, *To the Patriot Philipp Müller*, *The First Furrow for the Collective Farm*, and the styles were all obedient, School-of-Moscow realism. There were glorified scenes of farmers and construction workers, kindly Red soldiers surrounded by admiring children, ball-fisted strikers and heroic rioters—all with clear brows, stern eyes and rippling muscles.

Some of East Germany's critics found a few things to complain about, e.g., in a picture of four Stakhanovites, it was not made clear which was the foreman. But most sang hosannas over the show, wrote that it had produced "an art which will not only be understood but loved for its realism." And just so there would be no

■ A young Communist rioter killed last year in Essen.



EAST GERMANY'S "FRIENDSHIP"
Clear brows, stern eyes, rippling muscles.

mistake, Red Premier Otto Grotewohl spelled it out. "The government," he said, "demands that the artist make his works a mirror of the nation."

Possibly, observed one West German critic sarcastically, the artists had just that in mind when they chose the colors for their paintings: "Many artists showed a preference for dark, unclear, almost dirty colors, for brown, earthlike tints, for lack-luster, washed-out blues, greys, and for black."

Year of the Vegetable

In the past year, few artists have had a faster rise to international fame than British Abstractionist Graham Sutherland. His thorny landscapes were a major attraction of last summer's Venice Biennale; he recently had a huge exhibition in Paris, is scheduled for another big show during British coronation festivities, and has been asked to paint a portrait of Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth. Last week Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art put 19 Sutherland pictures on exhibit—the biggest cross section of his work ever shown in the U.S.

As Boston was quick to note, Sutherland is a ferocious artist. Except in such conventional portraits as his full-length painting of Somerset Maugham (*TIME*, June 13, 1949), he loads his canvas with writhing roots, needle-sharp thorns, blasted trees and immense grasshoppers. There is nothing passively pastoral about Sutherland's nature: his leggy insects and pitiful vegetables are all raw, anguished forms with some of the same kind of supernatural ferocity that Goya got into his bleeding



PAINTER SUTHERLAND
Roots, thorns and grasshoppers.

bulls and brutish, Napoleonic troopers. After the first few days of the show, Boston seemed pretty cool in its reactions. Some gallerygoers complained about Sutherland's deliberately ungainly compositions and harsh colors, wondered "what goes on in the head of a man who's always painting grasshoppers." Said an old lady, back for a second look at his gory *Crucifixion*: "I dreamt about it last night, and it's haunted me ever since." But for Sutherland fans it was a great moment. Said one student: "It's like meeting a fabulous relative you've always heard about but never met before."

Next stops for the show, after a month in Boston: Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver, B.C., Akron, Houston, Coral Gables, Fla., Washington, D.C.

Easter Present

For months the citizens of Bardstown (pop. 4,135), Ky., have been praying for the return of their stolen art treasures: nine valuable paintings, cut from their frames in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic cathedral one night last fall (*TIME*, Nov. 24). Last week, on Good Friday, the FBI announced that they had recovered the paintings. Agents had picked up two men in a Chicago parking lot. In the back of their car the agents found four paintings, neatly rolled up and apparently undamaged; the other five were picked up from a New York buyer. Among the recovered paintings: *The Flaying of St. Bartholomew*, attributed to Rubens; *The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin*, attributed to Murillo; *The Descent of the Holy Ghost*, attributed to one of the brothers Van Eyck.

By week's end nine more men had been arrested in Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania for being part of the conspiracy. As usual, the FBI would give out no details of the case before finishing its investigation. But Bardstown was too excited by the good news to care. Said Monsignor James H. Willet, St. Joseph's pastor: "Thank God—it is a most wonderful Easter gift."



STARLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT

John G. Brown

The Mexican government is often as generous to its artists as were the city-states of Renaissance Florence and Venice. Mexico's Big Three—David Siqueiros, Diego Rivera and the late José Orozco—have covered acres of wall space with murals commissioned by the state. A fourth native son of genius, Rufino Tamayo, was long kept out in the cold by his colleagues, because his art smacked of Paris and his politics failed to partake of Marx. Wallflower Tamayo was only recently invited to paint a mural in Mexico City's Palace of Fine Arts (*above*).

His response has the muted, starlight luminosity typical of all his work. Says Tamayo guardedly: "I am picturing Mexican nationality, vigorous and mature, constructing things."

Siqueiros' latest mural, painted in the rounded corner of a new hospital (*next page*), is more explicit: an injured worker under the rays of a health-giving sun. Siqueiros' effects are sometimes not much subtler than a punch in the eye. But as long as Mexico's artists can keep delivering such knockouts, the Mexican government is likely to keep right on paying for them.



SIQUEIROS' CONCAVE MURAL

MUSIC

Back of Old Baldy

One of the more effective tactical units of the U.S. Army in Korea is the musical combo. Combos are made up of six or seven men; their equipment consists of piano, drums, clarinets, trumpets, saxophones, bull fiddle (with rifles, bazookas, stretchers and ammo boxes in emergencies). Fighting men are likely to find a combo blasting away almost anywhere—not the shower tents just behind Old Baldy, at the medical-clearing stations where the litters are coming in fast, at the rest-area hoedowns helping G.I.s cut an Oriental rug with Korean belles decked out in latest Sears, Roebuck *couture*.



G.I. COMBO IN KOREA
Less than 20° is too cool.

And wherever soldiers find a combo, they keep it busy.

There are eight Army bands in Korea: six in the divisions, one in Pusan and one in Seoul. Until a few months ago, each band had from 65 to 100 men, but recently an order went out standardizing all bands at 42 enlisted men and one warrant officer to bring about a better utilization of manpower. Even so, each band manages to organize three or four good combos to balance the military marches with plenty of Dixieland, hop and progressive jazz.

Modified Bop. The life of a G.I. musician, even in the rear-line luxury of Seoul, would set his Stateside counterpart howling for Petrillo. After playing for dances until around 10, he is likely to be up at 6 without even so much as a cup of coffee, bouncing over dotted streets to one of the airfields to play ruffles & flourishes and the *General's March* for visiting brass. In winter weather, instruments have to be doused with antifreeze, and metal mouthpieces have to be kept in pockets until the last minute. Army bands

are not required to play in temperatures of less than 20° (though they frequently do, in contrast to Marine bands, which almost never play in weather colder than their own limit of 15°).

When they are working in combos, G.I. musicians are allowed to play the kind of music they themselves prefer. Since most of them are young draftees, musically well educated and hep as any hipster, their soldier audiences are treated to a repertory of numbers and arrangements more advanced than most Stateside bands would play for fear of scaring away cash audiences. But Army audiences also get the tunes they want, though sometimes in experimental arrangements. The

tunes they wanted most last week were *You Belong to Me*, *Why Don't You Believe Me?*, *Dancing on the Ceiling*, *Wish You Were Here* and *Jambalaya*—a big current favorite.

Arrangers, like spectacled Private David Hillinger, 24, from the University of Michigan, who plays piano or drums in an Eighth Army combo, lean most to the high-speed, modified bop called progressive jazz. Hillinger does most of his arranging from records played by the Armed Forces Radio Service in Seoul and from the latest records and sheet music sent from home; the sheet music supplied to the bands by Special Services tends to be from months to a year late.

On the Line. Playing in a division band is usually a fairly safe job, but not always. During the first days of the war, the 46 members of the 2nd Division Band suddenly found themselves almost the only force between division headquarters and the enemy. They put down their music and fought a delaying action with pistols, carbines and machine guns. A few months later, after another such unsched-

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BETTER SIGHT... BETTER SOUND... BETTER BUY

uled engagement, they had to burn their instruments in napalm at Pyongyang to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. When the Communists hit Wonju early in 1951, 2nd Division bandmen handled most of the ammunition used in the fight, then managed to pick up their instruments and play for the troops that were moving up. Soon afterward, Bandmaster Earl C. Anderson got an order from Tokyo headquarters: bands, it said, should begin playing for the troops on the line. Said Anderson: "When we heard this, we laughed."

Hands, Hat & Cane

The tall girls, smiling and spangle-breasted, glided into darkness as the lights blacked out and the brasses blared an entrance for one of the oldest sets of trademarks in show business: a twirling opera stick, dancing hands, and a battered top



TED LEWIS
Everybody is still happy.

hat. Only one thing was missing and now came—the question everybody was waiting for, dreamily euphoric and hypnotically assured: "Is everybody happy?" Ted Lewis was making another swing around the country.

Last week he was playing Manhattan's Latin Quarter, right across Broadway from where Rector's used to be. It was at Rector's in 1917 that Ted made his first hit in the big time, and his family, the Friedmans of Circleville, Ohio, finally learned what their wandering boy was up to. And it was outside Rector's one night that Ted acquired his famous topper in a crap game with a cabbie named Mississippi. It has been part of his act ever since.

For the next 40 weeks or so Ted Lewis will be asking if everybody is happy in the cities which welcome him back year after year: Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland,

Las Vegas, Nev., Los Angeles, San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth and a dozen places in between. He will travel with his own troupe of eleven musicians, a magician, and assorted singers and dancers, and will net himself around \$8,000 a week. But everywhere he goes, 61-year-old Ted Lewis will be able to warm up his listeners with reminiscences of the barnstorming days before the going was so good—being booked into store-front vaudeville at \$22.50 a week and changing his name every time he got fired, playing his clarinet in bawdyhouses when he was stranded, and periodically turning up in Circleville for another few crestfallen months sweeping out the family store.

Ted Lewis might have reached the top as a straight musician without his top hat, cane and patter. His free-riding clarinet was imitated by the young Benny Goodman, and his band gave asylum to such latter-day jazz greats as Muggsy Spanier, Jimmy Dorsey and George Brunis. His recording of *St. Louis Blues* sent hepcats of the '20s as far out of this world as people got in those days. But Ted was too much of a showman to stick to music. Today it is not the Lewis clarinet that people come for, but the sleepy smile and the twirling cane as he struts and soft-shoes around the dance floor, looking like a cross between the Mad Hatter and the Dormouse and talking out (he is no singer) such oldies as *Me and My Shadow* and *When My Baby Smiles at Me*.

Comeback

The word "opera" would be box-office poison—or so the producers of Composer Marc Blitzstein's *Regina* decided when it opened on Broadway four years ago. They labeled *Regina* a "musical drama," and invited the drama critics as well as the music critics to review it. The drama critics, whose notices are the ones that count at the Broadway box office, came and shook their heads; Blitzstein's musical version of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* seemed to them an unnecessary intrusion on a fine play. *Regina* ran for 56 performances, then gave up.

Last week, at Manhattan's busy City Center, *Regina* came back with a bang and a burst of bravos—and as opera unashamed. Composer Blitzstein had trimmed down the spoken dialogue in his libretto, tightened up the orchestration, and included three musical episodes which were dropped in the pre-Broadway tryouts of the old production. The result still showed a slight tendency to be musically episodic, but the opera more than made up for this with its sharp scoring for a set of characters more real and zesty than most modern opera can lay claim to.

The rapacity of Regina Hubbard and her scheming brothers gives Blitzstein a chance to point up their bile-laden words with incongruously sweet sounds, and he makes the most of it—as when Regina sings a waltz with such words as

*I don't mind handling money, handling
of money—*

Money means things, and the things I



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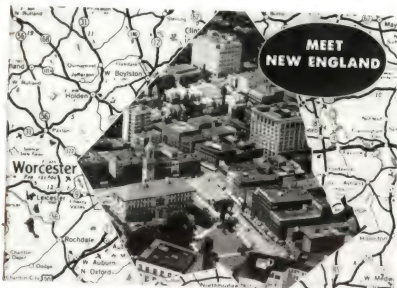
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can do with things! . . .
More feeble by far than the meek and the weak
Are the noble, the nibbling, and Not-Quite-Poor.
I'm in love with things . . .

Handsome Brenda Lewis as Regina Hubbard handles her role of super-bitch (Tallulah Bankhead's in *The Little Foxes*) with the command of an actress as well as with a soprano of range and authority. But *Regina's* musical high point is the third-act Rain Quartet, which for lightness and inventive charm beats anything on Broadway for a long time.

New Records

Bach: Suites Nos. 4 & 5 (Lillian Fuchs, viola; Decca). A rare chance to hear the darkling tones of the violin's big cousin played at its best. Violist Fuchs gives the unaccompanied works as much verve as if she were supported by a full symphony.

Bartok: Dance Suite (London Philharmonic conducted by Georg Solti; London 1). Composed 30 years ago to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the union of Buda and Pest, this six-part piece is full of earthy spirit. It is played expertly and enthusiastically.

Flemish Choral Music (Ghent Oratorio Society conducted by Marcel de Pauw; Esoteric). Thirteen delicately tinted songs for chorus, and two guitar interludes, all glowing with Old World warmth. The 104-voice chorus sings with charm and intimacy.

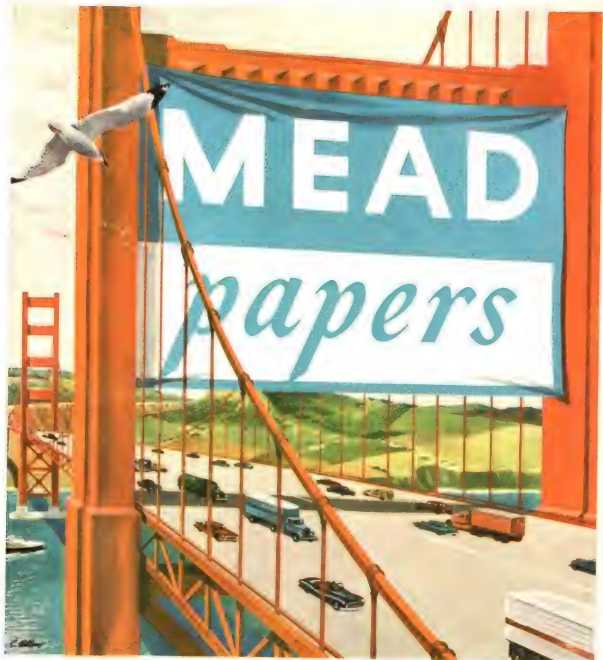
Roger Goeb; Symphony No. 3 (Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra; Victor). A busy modern score that has some attractive lyricism as well as its share of noisy climaxes; in a fine performance by Stokowski.

Martyn Green's Gilbert & Sullivan (Lehman Engel, conductor; Columbia). Sixteen favorite songs from eight of the famous operettas, sung in clipped accents by the ranking expert.

Mozart: Sonata in A Minor, K. 310 (Dinu Lipatti, piano; Columbia). Pianist Lipatti died two years ago at 33, but not before he made a series of recordings. His Mozart is water-clear; the briefest melodic line takes on significance, and sounds as easy as breathing.

Schoenberg: Piano Concerto (Claude Helffer; Paris Orchestre Radio-Symphonique conducted by René Leibowitz; Period). A decade old, this piece is one of Schoenberg's definitive twelve-tone works. For all its hyper-complex rhythms and counterpoint, it has a richly romantic expression, and its solo part is a dazzling piece of virtuosity.

Other new releases: **Nine Beethoven Symphonies** (Victor), with Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony (handsomely packaged at \$52.40); **Bach and Handel Arias** (London), sung by Contralto Kathleen Ferrier with the London Philharmonic, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; Ravel's **Daphnis et Chloé—Complete Ballet** (London), with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande and the Geneva Model Choir conducted by Ernest Ansermet.



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EDUCATION

The Danger Signals

In Boston last week, the law school of **Harvard** had to decide what to do with the second-year students who had refused to tell the Jenner subcommittee whether they had ever held a Communist meeting at their homes. Meanwhile, **Boston University** was debating the case of Professor Maurice Halperin, the former OSS man and Latin American expert who had refused to say whether he had ever known Elizabeth Bentley. In a sense, the fate of these individuals was only a part of a larger problem facing U.S. campuses last week. The big question on U.S. educators' minds: what overall effect are the investi-



COLUMBIA'S ACKERMAN
Too many investigators.

gations having on the nation's colleges & universities?

Most top educators seemed to agree that (1) Congress has a right to investigate whatever it pleases, and (2) Communists should be barred from teaching. Nor was anyone in a state of panic. And yet, the climate of the campuses had already begun to change. The investigations, said Dean Milton Muelder of **Michigan State College**, "have cast a pall, a shadow, creating doubt as to how far scholars can now go in discussing controversial issues."

If it were not for the personalities and methods of the investigators themselves—Velde, Jenner and McCarthy—the shadow might not loom so large. But the nation's teachers feel they have little reason to trust their accusers, and their attitudes towards the investigators range from resentment to contempt. "For the most part," says **Harvard's** Mark DeWolfe Howe, "a committee ascertains in a closed hearing the facts it needs to know. Following that, it proceeds to conduct an open meeting, with the realization that the peo-

ple who kept silent will keep silent and suffer public disgrace." They are adds President Philip Davidson of the **University of Louisville**, "unnecessary, irresponsible fishing expeditions" that could well destroy public confidence in the whole teaching profession.

Apparently they are beginning to destroy the profession's confidence in itself. For students and teachers alike, the new watchword seems to have become "caution," and, says President Virgil Hancher of the **State University of Iowa**, "Teachers were never meant to be cautious." To some extent, the caution is still something to joke about ("What reading Communist literature again?" said a **Princeton** student, on spotting a classmate with the *New Republic*). But the jokes are not much more than a veneer. The academic motto for 1953 is fast becoming: "Don't say, don't write, don't go."

On campus after campus, the danger flags are out. At **Michigan State**, department heads have for the first time been asking their deans how far they should go in expressing their own political opinions. At the **University of Pennsylvania**, a young instructor said that the only reason he would not join the liberal, non-Communist American Civil Liberties Union was that "I don't want A.C.L.U. membership on my record." When a large Texas campus wanted to fire an incompetent teacher who happened to be a rabid anti-Communist, a professor warned the president that the firing would look like fellow-traveling to outsiders. On one Midwest campus, a professor who gives a course in comparative legal procedures was asked by a guest: "Do you use Vishinsky's *Law of the Soviet State*?" "I haven't," replied the professor. "Do you intend to use it as part of your course?" "Well, let's put it this way. I haven't used the book." "But wouldn't it be a good, a logical book to use?" Said the professor: "Certainly. But I haven't used it."

At the **University of Minnesota**, Physiologist Maurice Visser—an acid critic of superpatriotic pressure groups—tells another sort of tale. A local scientific club recently withdrew an invitation asking him to speak because two refugee scientists on the planning committee blackballed him as a "controversial figure." Visser rightly guessed their reasons: "I was very much distressed," he wrote them, "to learn . . . that you are so alarmed about your security under the terms of the McCarran . . . act. It is unfortunate that you are in fear of being deported, and I would, of course, do nothing to increase your anxiety . . ."

How significant are these danger signals? No one can accurately say, but some U.S. educators have begun to wonder whether education is not losing its boldness. "I confess," says Robert Bidwell, professor of American literature at **George Washington University**, "that after finishing a lecture, I sometimes wonder if somebody is going to take it to Papa or to

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some reporter . . . One lecture could damn anybody." Adds his colleague, B. H. Jarman, professor of education: "Can you imagine a Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* or a Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* coming out today? You're afraid to use your imagination. Of course every one of us pulls his punches. I do."

Established professors are not the only ones pulling their punches. Young scholars, says a once outspoken Texas historian (he now would rather not say anything for quotation under his own name), "examine everything in their writings, not for correctness, but for sentences that might conceivably be twisted around to trap them." Other educators fear that young people will stay out of teaching altogether: "Why should they endure low salaries—and be a target too?"

For students, the situation is just as serious. "When I was an undergraduate 35 years ago," says one California college professor, "I enjoyed one luxury students don't have now—the luxury of making a mistake." Today, adds Dean Barnaby C. Keeney of Brown University, "students are reluctant to take part in liberal discussion. I have seen intelligent, loyal students stay out of organizations that have been healthy. These organizations, or their names, are now abandoned to the radicals." Last week, in the *Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors*, Dean Carl W. Ackerman of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, summed up by deploring the passing of "freedom of individual, independent expression of opinion on controversial subjects."

Said Ackerman: "Today the vast majority of teachers in all fields of instruction have learned that promotion and security depend upon conformity to the prevailing community or national concept of devotion to the public welfare." Although a few university administrative officers . . . still publicly proclaim their adherence to the philosophy of 'academic freedom,' there are few teachers today who would venture to test its application . . . There are not many classrooms in the country today where students are advised to be 'drastically independent' . . .

"Before or after graduation, a student must look for a job. He knows all employers now 'investigate' before hiring . . . Students know also that federal agencies investigate . . . They interview professors, public-school teachers, references and follow up leads like prosecuting attorneys. In practice, students are 'tried' secretly without their knowledge and without an opportunity of explaining or defending their records . . . And the appearance of an agent at a newspaper office or elsewhere where the student may have been temporarily employed raises a signal of suspicion . . .

"After 22 years as dean I am now discontinuing my practice of cooperating with the federal, state and police investigating agencies, except on written request and on advice of counsel . . . The practical problem which confronts deans,

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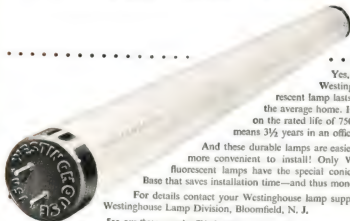
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professors, schoolteachers and students today is 'political freedom' to discuss public affairs in the classrooms or at luncheon or during a 'bull' session without fear that someone may make a record which may be investigated secretly, upon which he may be 'tried' secretly and also be convicted secretly, either by a governmental official or by a prospective employer... Silence on controversial subjects during private conversations, as well as in classrooms, is becoming so prevalent that it is dangerous to our liberties."

Far From the Pawnees

Gene Weltfish, 50, is an energetic, dark-haired woman who for the last nine years has often been in hot water. A lecturer on anthropology at Columbia University, she has wandered far from her studies of the Pawnee Indians, has always had more irons in the fire than her courses on the



COLUMBIA'S WELTFISH
Too many irons.

peoples of Africa. She is American vice president of the Communist-controlled Women's International Democratic Federation, was once president of the federation's affiliate, the Congress of American Women. Last year she did her best to publicize "proof" that the U.S. was using germ warfare in Korea, and last September she flatly refused to tell a Senate internal-security subcommittee whether she was or had ever been a member of the Communist Party.

Last week Columbia University announced that Anthropologist Weltfish's contract would not be renewed—not, said Columbia, because of her politics, but because there were not enough permanent appointments to go around. But with or without a job, Gene Weltfish was still getting into hot water. Once again, Senator McCarthy asked her whether she is now or ever has been a member of the Communist Party. Her reply: "I refuse to answer on the grounds..." etc., etc.



"IMPOSSIBLE" ICECAP RESCUE

ON THE SEVENTH day, the plane overhead radioed, "We'll try to take your injured men off tomorrow."

But to the twelve men huddling against a temperature of 20° below inside their wrecked Royal Air Force transport plane, there was little hope. They had crashed where the Greenland icecap was 8000 feet above sea level. No skiplane, they thought, could take off from that altitude.

The next day, the wind plagued them with a mirage of engine sounds. Finally a hum grew, and an angel speck became a twin-engine—

"An amphibian? To land here?"

She did, then even taxied over the snow to the wreckage to load the stretcher cases. An hour of agony followed. Finally the JATO bottles were mounted to her hull, and she made the "impossible" take-off. Within two days, all were rescued.

Grumman salutes the USAF Air Rescue Services crew of that Grumman SA-16. Especially proud are the engineers who wedded a retractable ski to the amphibian keel, who created the Grumman Albatross Triphibian and made it possible to help save men on snow and ice, as well as sea and land.

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RELIGION

Ike's Faith

Dwight Eisenhower keeps a red leather Bible at his bedside, and, judging by the religious content of his speeches he reads it. His expression of religious faith is more than politician's lip service. Writing in the April *Reader's Digest*, Roving Editor Stanley High, one of Ike's campaign advisers and once a Congregationalist lay preacher, explains that, in Ike's lexicon, the "spiritual" needs of the U.S. rank ahead of political or economic ones.

Says High: "What President Eisenhower wants for America is a revival of religious faith that will produce a rededication to religious values and conduct. . . . He believes that the 'godly virtues' . . . account for America's beginning, its growth in strength, material well-being and social progress. He believes that, except in a renewal of that faith and those virtues, there is no answer for the future."

"At one point in the campaign, some of [Ike's] associates were a little concerned by what they regarded as too much religion in his politics. Lest he be accused of overdoing it, they urged him for a few speeches to skip the spiritual note. At that proposal, the general was first puzzled, and then irritated. 'Gentlemen,' he told them sharply, 'you misjudge the American people.'"

Said Dwight Eisenhower, as High quotes him:

"You can't explain free government in any other terms than religious. The Founding Fathers had to refer to the Creator in order to make their revolutionary experiment make sense; it was because 'all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights' that men could dare to be free. They wrote their religious faith into our founding documents, stamped their trust in God on the faces of their coins and currency and put it boldly at the base of our institutions. . . ."

"Our forefathers proved that only a people strong in godliness is a people strong enough to overcome tyranny. . . . Today, it is ours to prove that our own faith, perpetually renewed, is equal to the challenge of today's tyrants."

La Femme Coupée

Mary Magdalene, the repentant courtesan who followed Christ, is one of the most famed and least-known characters in the Gospels. Because of her early trade, some of the ancient church fathers, and later Christians of excessive scruple, have been embarrassed by her presence in the liturgy. On the other hand, her sinful past has been a never-failing godsend to novelists trying to put a little spice into stories with a New Testament setting.

A book published last week, *Mary Magdalene* (Pantheon; \$3), is one of the most intelligent and provocative efforts yet made to reconstruct her character and its meaning. The author, Father Raymond



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Leopold Bruckberger, is a French Dominican priest, recently transplanted to the U.S., whose earlier books of memoirs and stories (*One Sky to Share*, *Golden Goat*) have had considerable success (TIME, Aug. 11; Nov. 24). His purpose in writing this one was to bring back to life the Magdalene, "la Femme coupée en morceaux—the woman hacked into bits by modern exogates."

The Courtesan. Gospel references to Mary Magdalene are fragmentary. Although she is mentioned by name twelve times, there are few details given about her life or her significance as one of Christ's followers. Bruckberger holds to the view of most Roman Catholic scholars that she is mentioned elsewhere in the Gospels by other names.⁸ She is, he believes, the "woman in the city" in Luke 7:37, who washes Christ's feet with her tears, and humbly begs forgiveness of her



MARY MAGDALENE
Homesick for the first Paradise.

sins at the house of Simon the Pharisee. She is also, by this interpretation, the New Testament's Mary of Bethany, sister of Lazarus.

Dominican Bruckberger, basing his deductions on a study of early Christian history as well as the Bible, goes further than this. His reconstructed Mary Magdalene was a woman of wealth and beauty, and one of the ornaments of King Herod's court. Although a Jewess, she was Hellenized, and, like many among the upper classes in Palestine, considered herself as belonging to the rich but dying culture of Plato's Greece.

The ancient Greeks had high philosophic ideals, but the best of them, including Plato, ran into a great deal of difficulty trying to set up standards of personal morality. In their uninstructed search for the true and the beautiful, writes Bruckberger, they "gave to bodily beauty the

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• Must Protestant scholars disagree.

character of a religious revelation." Since they felt that beauty should be enjoyed, the figure of the courtesan became not at all a shameful one. To Father Bruckberger, the clever courtesan Mary Magdalene symbolizes in the Gospels the outward beauty of the Greek ideal as well as its moral shortcomings.

The Law. Opposed to Plato's philosophy and the Greek search for philosophic wisdom, the Jewish Pharisees clung to a law of stern, ritual purity. Each tradition, in Bruckberger's view, was deficient. But broken, then united by Christ's love, they merged to give Christianity both its traditional faith and its abstract philosophy. Mary Magdalene, writes Bruckberger, symbolized the Christian baptism of Greek philosophy. The sensual paganism of the Greeks, he contends, was really "a deep homesickness for the first Paradise, for its innocence, for its freedom of behavior." The search for wisdom was one expression of this. Magdalene, the sinner, made the great discovery that Paradise and wisdom could be found only through God's love and forgiveness.

But Author Bruckberger finds another moral in Mary Magdalene's conversion—she also proved the hollowness of her Pharisee countrymen. "Simon the Pharisee believes himself 'pure,' and thereby he becomes a sinner, impenitent because his sin consists in believing that he is without sin. Mary Magdalene knows herself, recognizes herself, proclaims herself 'impure' and a sinner: this is why she attains the wellspring of all purity. In this humility and [in] this contrition she is justified."

"This revolution—the greatest ever to have taken place in the moral order—the Pharisees could not understand. For them, justice lay in the practice of the Law, the absence of all material breach of this Law. Nor could the Greeks understand any better, because for them there was no sin, there were only ugly actions, but actions which did not touch God himself. . . . The Pharisees betrayed the Law itself, the first commandment of which is the love of God. And the Greeks knew not true wisdom, which is to attune one's heart with God's."

The Scandal. In telling his story, Author Bruckberger includes a rarely original account of Christ's life and death, as the Magdalene saw it. The Christ of his book is a revolutionary who "gave scandal as though wantonly." Clearly subversive of both Hellenism and Judaism as they then existed, he was put to death not "by the ungodly, but by the just and the pious."

He was also a man of infinite accessibility ("the most anti-Cellophane being imaginable"), who hated "both stoicism and puritanism." No one dramatized his love and mercy as did Mary Magdalene. Writes Bruckberger: "She foretells that God has come among men not for the sake of the just, but for sinners, for their salvation. He is not really at home among us save when he is in the midst of sinners: he is worthily received only with the tears of repentance. . . . He came to convert sinners, but he converted them only by making himself loved. That is what, without opening her mouth, this woman teaches us."



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STATE OF BUSINESS

End of Inflation?

As peace rumors set off price breaks in both stocks and commodities, Manhattan's *Communist Daily Worker* shrieked: "Wall Street shivers with fear at the news of possible peace in Korea." Actually, no news is more bearish for the market than war itself, as the Korean war demonstrated in 1950, when it knocked down stock indexes as much as 26 points (TIME, July 10, 1950).

But any sudden, unexpected news all most always upsets a free market. The Chinese overtures caused many stocks to drop as much as two points, a few (notably the peace-vulnerable aircrafts) as much as three points. This week the drop continued; in one day the Dow-Jones industrial index fell 5.93 points to 274.10. The heaviest selling began in commodities, not only on U.S. markets, but on Europe's bourses. In the U.S., futures contracts in wool, rubber, sugar, soybean oil and grains went tumbling. In one day, the Dow-Jones index of commodity futures fell 2.69 points, biggest drop in two years.

The shake-out underlined the slide in commodity prices which has been going on since early 1951 (see chart). For businessmen, the long decline in commodity prices was more significant than the ups & downs of the stock market, since it is the prices of raw materials that, in the long run, determine many retail prices. And even though some retail prices are still rising, the worldwide price trend, forecast by commodities is downward. Many of the commodities, like wool and rubber, which had the biggest rise right after the Korean war, have had the sharpest fall since. The Government's index of all commodities (2,000 separate items) is not far above its



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pre-Korea level, but some key commodities (e.g., fats, oils and fibers) are below the June 1950 level.

What Goes Up . . . Actually, speculation and hoarding provoked by Korea drove most commodities higher than any shortage justified. But the rise stimulated bigger production, which helped knock prices down. Rubber shot as high as 75¢ a lb. But as soon as U.S. synthetic plants got into big production of rubber at 23¢ a lb., natural-rubber prices collapsed. Similarly, the slump in the textile industry sent wool tumbling.

On many strategic materials, another downward pressure is the fact that the U.S. has already bought 78% of its scheduled \$7.5 billion of stockpiles. Some metals—cobalt, chrome and nickel—are still critically scarce, and still high. But the supply of copper is now improving to the point where it looks as if the world price of 36¢, which is 4¢ a lb. higher than the U.S. price, is more likely to drop to meet the U.S. price than vice versa.

As for most agricultural products, not only the U.S. but Europe had near-record bumper crops last year. On both sides of the ocean, barring an extension of the Korean war, nations are faced with surpluses of everything from wheat to dairy products.

... Must Come Down. None of this means economic disaster. For the U.S., it is bound eventually to mean some rough bumps and adjustments, at least for the economic groups affected. For England and other have-not nations, which have been tightest squeezed by high import prices, it is good news. Australia's sharp but short recession last year after wool's big drop demonstrated a quick recovery can be made once price uncertainties disappear. The prospect is that, as more commodity prices ease, more industries, and more raw material producing areas will, one by one, go through the same kind of shake-out. In the long run, that should mean a more stable economic situation all round.

METALS

Light Heavyweight

Magnesium, a baby among structural metals, is growing up fast. As evidence, last week hundreds of magnesium products were put on display at the International Magnesium Exposition in Washington's cavernous National Guard Armory. Two-thirds the weight of aluminum, magnesium had comparatively few uses before World War II, was produced in the U.S. only by Dow Chemical Co. (from sea water). Then production of airplanes, which made the lightness and strength of the metal a necessity for many parts, boosted magnesium output to a peak of 183,584 tons in 1943. After war's end, production slumped to a piddling 5,317 tons. With new commercial uses, production is once more on the rise, reached about 106,000 tons last year. The aircraft industry is still the biggest user (20% of U.S. output). At the exhibit was Douglas' needle-nosed Skyrocket, which has flown higher (79,494 ft.) and faster (1,238 m.p.h.) than any other airplane on record, and whose fuselage is fabricated from magnesium sheets. Other exhibits:

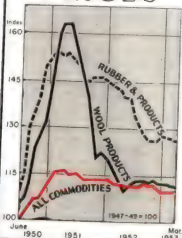
❑ An automobile with a magnesium body that weighs only 132 lbs. (a minimum 650 lbs. for a steel car body). Designer R. J. Cross, managing director of Britain's Essex Aero. Ltd., believes that magnesium bodies are far superior to plastic, which take longer to fabricate. The lightness of magnesium bodies makes possible higher speeds and quicker acceleration for cars. Cross hopes to have his magnesium car in production for export to the U.S. some time this year. Price: around \$3,400.

❑ A 60-ft.-long, collapsible military maintenance shelter, which resembles a Quonset hut, made of canvas on a magnesium-alloy frame. It weighs slightly more than one ton (one-fourth as much as other structures of the same size and strength).

❑ Magnesium skis that will not warp, dry out or lose their camber.

❑ A tubular magnesium walker for crippled

COMMODITY PRICES



First Chart by V. Puglisi



The Dowager was always doodling...

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First, the far-away look, then the search for a pencil, then napkins and programs scribbled all over.

Finally, daughter got wise, slipped a sample in her bag, took it off to a doodle doctor.

And she was glad she did.

Because he diagnosed the trouble in a hurry. Like a lot of other people these days, her mother was simply worried about money. That's all.

For years she'd been living on her investments... got along nicely with her governments and triple-A bonds.

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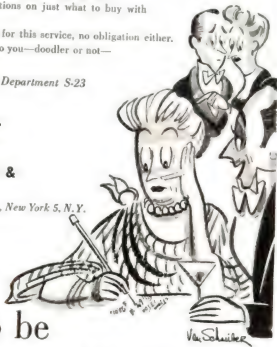
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The exhibitors were buoyantly optimistic about magnesium's future. At 77¢ a lb., it is already cheaper by volume than aluminum (21.5¢ a lb.), can be easily welded, has a low electrical resistance and high heat conductivity, and resists weathering. And there is plenty of it. In every cubic mile of sea water, still the principal source of supply, there is an estimated 12 billion lbs. of magnesium.

GOVERNMENT

First Indictment

Attorney General Herbert Brownell last week announced the new Administration's first antitrust case. He got an indictment against the Gulf Coast Shrimpers' & Oystermen's Association, an organization of some 5,000 independent fishermen who last year caught \$15 million worth of shrimp (and some oysters) in the Mississippi Sound for sale to packers at Biloxi, Pascagoula and Pass Christian, Miss. The Government charged that the association and its officers used "coercive practices" to fix prices, and "force and violence" to cut off supplies of shrimp to dealers who did not meet its terms. By these methods, said the trustbusters, shrimp prices were kept high.

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In effect, Attorney General Herbert Brownell made just such an attractive offer this week to any U.S. businessmen with sufficient cash. He announced the Government will sell its 50% interest—exactly five shares of common stock—in Jasco, Inc., a World War II prize confiscated from Germany's I. G. Farbenindustrie. Jasco owns the basic patents on just about every process used in synthetic rubber, from butadiene for tires to butyl for tubes. Oppanol for insulation hose.

Brownell's announcement stirred up echoes of one of World War II's fiercest controversies. Back in 1929, Jersey Standard had paid some \$35 million to the I. G. Farben combine for the U.S. rights to its new hydrogenation process of making gasoline from coal. Their deal included the formation of a Joint American Study Commission (Jasco), by which each would share in any future developments. The joint work led to butadiene rubber and later butyl. But when the U.S. had trouble getting a synthetic program going in World War II, Jersey Standard's alleged

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"Nazi" tie-up got it damned for everything from trading with the enemy to "treason" (by then Senator Truman).

When the Government synthetic program bogged down, Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold sued Jersey Standard to force general licensing of the patents. In 1948, by a consent decree, an amicable settlement was finally worked out in which both RFC and Jasco share income from the rubber royalties on a 51%-49% basis.

The Government's half of Jasco, to be sold on the basis of sealed bids received prior to April 30, is valuable since Jasco's sole business is to license patents. Jasco cost only \$28,366 to run in 1952, yet netted \$482,971 after taxes. It has an earned surplus of \$309,370, total assets of more than \$1,000,000 including \$872,000 in cash. One possible bidder: Standard Oil (N.J.), which already owns the other five shares of common stock.

RAILROADS

Italy's Super-Train

Italy last week put into daily service between Milan, Rome and Naples the most modern train in Europe. Known as the ETR 300, it gives passengers the thrill of "riding with the engineer" at 60 m.p.h. in a radically different locomotive that is also an observation car. The passengers actually ride ahead of the engineer; he runs the electric train from a dome behind them (see cut).

Designed primarily for the tourist trade, the seven-car ETR 300 can carry 160 reserved-seat passengers in luxury—a dining car that seats 56, a bar, souvenir shop, second observation car in the rear and three hostesses, who speak four languages between them. Each compartment has a radio and earphones; a "services" car features seven hot & cold showers.

To keep the going smooth and silent,

the train has 240 rubber shock absorbers that cut jarring to a minimum, provide a ride almost completely free of vibration. Cost of a Milan-to-Naples one-way ticket: about \$21.40—\$3.50 more than other fast trains.

CORPORATIONS

Battle of the 20th Century

Charles Green is a New York appliance wholesaler with a talent for proxy fights. In his first fight in 1949, he won control of Minneapolis & St. Paul's Twin City Rapid Transit Co. with the help of such people as Nightclub Proprietor Isadore Blumenfeld (alias Kid Cann), a wealthy Minneapolis hoodlum with a record of 30 arrests. Later, Green squabbled with his associates and sold out his stock in Minneapolis Transit at an estimated \$100,000 profit. In 1951 Green went after the management of United Cigar-Whelan Stores because they had not been paying dividends, succeeded in taking over the company (TIME, Oct. 15, 1951). But the profit & loss sheets since then have shown no startling improvement.

Last week Green drew a bead on a new target: 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. As spokesman for about \$600,000 of the company's stock (which at current market prices represents about 40,000 shares), he charged President Spyros Skouras and Production Boss Darryl Zanuck with "false and fictitious expenses" and "gross mismanagement," filed a lawsuit to break their contracts with the company. Under

○ In the first three quarters of 1951, United Cigar-Whelan had a profit of \$140,000. In the last quarter, after Green's forces took over, the inventory was written down to such an extent, supposedly because many of the items were "unsalable" or "unsuitable," that the company reported a loss of \$140,000 for the year. In 1952 the company said it made \$221,000 + \$810,000 in the last full year under the old management.

the contracts. Zanuck is paid \$260,000 a year and Skouras \$250,000. The contracts also provide for payments of \$750,000 to Zanuck's estate and \$250,000 to Skouras' if either dies before the contracts expire.

Presumably, part of the gross mismanagement occurred last summer when Green and his wife were refused permission to tour the Fox lot. He was also mad about the decline of Fox stock and Fox dividends (from \$4 in 1946 to \$1 last year). However, Green ignored the fact that Zanuck was one of the chief reasons for Fox's success. And as Skouras pointed out in a report last month, since he became president in 1942, Fox has paid \$24.25-a-share dividends—more than its current market price.

But even before he filed his suit, Green raised such a rumpus that Skouras agreed to his demand for five new men on the ten-man 20th Century board to represent "minority interests," provided that they were well-known businessmen. When Green presented a slate of names, Skouras said he had never heard of them, refused to seat them. Green also tried to make a deal with Zanuck, promising him the presidency if he would help to oust Skouras. Zanuck turned him down, said the suit "could only be actuated by a desire of reprisal. . . ." So Green squared off to try to get control of the company at the May 19 stockholders' meeting.

Since Zanuck and Skouras control about 200,000 shares between them (of 2,769,486 outstanding), they would ordinarily have no trouble defeating Green. But cumulative voting for directors, which increases each stockholder's vote by the number of directors to be elected and allows the votes to be cast for one or more directors instead of for an entire slate, gives Green a chance to win some seats on the board. To block him, the company has called a special stockholders' meeting for May 5 to amend the bylaws in order to eliminate cumulative voting. Said Green: "This fight . . . is going to cost the company a lot of money."

Jet-Propelled Individualist

The Thompson Trophy Race is as famous among aviators as the Indianapolis Memorial Day race is to daredevils of the track. Sponsor of the race is Cleveland's Thompson Products Co., now the biggest maker of jet engine components, before that, the valve producer of the world.

Thompson's boss, Frederick C. (for Coolidge) Crawford, 62, onetime (1943) president of the N.A.M., is as full of zip and noise as a racing engine. In the head-cracking '30s, he defeated every attempt of the C.I.O. or A.F.L. to organize his plants, damned unions and the New Deal. His tart tongue often got him into other trouble; on a World War II visit to France he denounced resistance forces as Communist handits.

Crawford stirred up so many controversies that people often failed to notice an important fact: his company is not only well run but also among the fastest-growing in the U.S. By last week it had



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cashmere sweater. Add evening accessories to taste, Viyella pajamas and dressing gown, socks, underwear, bathing trunks, hat, shoes, etc.

The obelisk admirer wears Lebow's sports jacket in Ballantyne of Peebles' Cashmiracle, Garnett flannel slacks by Geo. W. Heller. Man on terrace sightsees in a tropical weight tweed from H. Freeman & Son, Inc.



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More Gas for



THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTHEAST

In order to meet the increased requirements of its present customers and also to bring the advantages of natural gas to many new communities, Southern Natural Gas Company is currently carrying out the largest construction project in its history. Upon completion of this \$75,000,000 expansion program, now scheduled for 1954, the Company will have a delivery capacity of over one billion cubic feet of gas per day. This natural gas continues to play a leading role in accelerating the progress of The Industrial Southeast—America's fastest growing industrial area.

The 1952 Annual Report of Southern Natural Gas Company has just been mailed to over 13,500 stockholders in the 48 states and several foreign countries. Highlights of the year, in which new records were set for operating revenues and dividends paid, are given in the accompanying table which also lists comparative figures for preceding years. If you would like a complete copy of the Report, please address the Secretary at the address given below.

CHRISTOPHER T. CHENERY, Chairman

Five Year Review

	1952	1951	1950	1949	1948
Plant and Property (original cost)	\$126,051,234	\$111,902,633	\$99,249,660	\$76,733,265	\$72,133,336
Gross Revenues	40,185,607	36,147,111	27,792,066	23,186,800	18,474,747
Net Income	7,363,710	7,325,901	5,338,214	4,472,673	4,002,599
Book Value per Share	\$14.07*	\$25.86	\$23.19	\$21.21	\$19.93
Net Income per Share	\$ 2.15*	\$ 4.28	\$ 3.43	\$ 2.88	\$ 2.84
Shares Outstanding	3,422,010*	1,711,005	1,555,459	1,555,459	1,409,212
Cash Dividends Paid	\$ 4,533,997	\$ 4,277,291	\$ 3,344,095	\$ 2,967,358	\$ 2,446,028
Dividends Paid per Share	\$1.32½*	\$ 2.50	\$ 2.15	\$ 2.00	\$ 1.75

*Reflects share-for-share distribution



SOUTHERN NATURAL GAS COMPANY

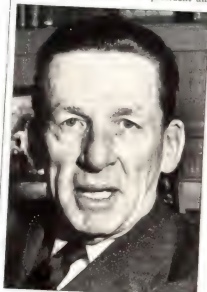
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grown so big that President Crawford needed more help with day-to-day duties more time for big decisions. He moved himself into the new job of chairman, D. Wright, 47, into the presidency. Chairman Crawford, who is still top policy man: "In this business, you've got to live in the future."

Frozen Mercury. Fred Crawford, civil engineer (Harvard, '14), joined Thompson as a millwright's helper in 1916. Under one of its founders, an ex-welder named Charles E. Thompson, the 15-year old company had already built a tidy business making auto valves. In World War I its business almost doubled, and Thompson branched into aircraft, making valves for France's Spad fighters. By 1929, when the Thompson Trophy was created for Cleveland's National Air Races, Crawford had moved up to vice president and



Roy Moton

THOMPSON'S FRED CRAWFORD
"You've got to live in the future."

general manager. At Thompson's death* in 1933, Crawford took over a company with gross sales of \$3,000,000. He ran it so well that last year its sales topped \$370 million—a growth of 8,900% in 20 years—and its net profits are estimated at \$9,500,000.

In part, the growth was due to World War II, when Thompson doubled its size almost overnight with a new \$30 million Government-built plant. But it was also due to the fact that Engineer Crawford proved himself an expert manager. He brought in able young men, gave them room to grow, encouraged initiative. New President Wright, for example, started in with a Cleveland law firm as a legal consultant to Thompson, soon won a \$100,000 tax refund for the company. Impressed, Crawford took him on as his own

* At his request, Flyer Jimmy Doolittle, 1933 trophy winner, dropped his ashes over Cleveland from a plane.

FACTS FROM THE 1952 ANNUAL REPORT OF LION OIL COMPANY

Continuing a Story of Progress—The year 1952 was another successful one for Lion Oil Company despite a decline in net earnings from the previous year. Sales and operating revenues were higher. Construction was begun on two major expansion projects which are expected to increase sales and profits materially when completed.

Petroleum—A refinery extension, begun during 1952, will add new units at a cost of about \$5,000,000. These units, when put into operation in the third quarter of 1953, will permit an increase of 50% in the volume of gasoline manufactured with about the same crude oil throughput.

Search for new reserves of crude oil and natural gas resulted in eight new discoveries. Drilling scheduled for 1953 includes wells on leases in West Texas, Julesburg Basin in Colorado, and Williston Basin in North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana.

Chemical—In May, construction of a chemical plant near New Orleans, Louisiana, was begun. Estimated cost is \$31,000,000. This facility, which is scheduled for completion during the second quarter of 1954, will increase Lion's nitrogen producing capacity slightly more than 50%. This expenditure will bring the Company's investment in the field of petrochemicals about in balance with that of oil operations.

The Company sold 400,000 additional shares of common stock and \$15,000,000 principal amount of Sinking Fund Debentures in May 1952 for a net cash consideration of \$30,127,556. That amount was set aside to finance construction of the new chemical plant.

Earnings and Dividends—Net earnings, which are shown in the condensed earnings statement below, declined principally because of materially higher costs of finding oil, and lower refined oil prices.

Cash dividends at the rate of \$2 per share, aggregating \$5,781,744, were paid during the year. That sum was 56.6% of the net earnings for 1952.



PETROLEUM

FINANCIAL SUMMARY

	1952	1951
Net Working Capital (Stated)—Dec. 31	\$26,207,331	\$25,517,316
Current Ratio	3.33	3.66
Net Properties (Fixed Assets)	\$74,930,620	\$67,436,908
Total Net Worth—Dec. 31	\$91,739,829	\$72,018,688
Shares of Common Stock Outstanding Dec. 31	3,090,884	2,690,861
Number of Stockholders	16,111	11,791
Total Dividends Paid	\$ 5,781,744	\$4,856,700

OPERATING SUMMARY

	1952	1951
Number of Producing Wells (net)	818	795
Gross Crude Oil Production—Barrels	7,713,422	8,011,422
Crude Oil Run to Still—Barrels	7,931,703	8,271,310
Total Refined Oil Sales—Gallons	368,091,487	377,262,270
Elemental Nitrogen (N) Production—Tons	163,449	155,379
Number of Employees—Dec. 31	2,623	2,497
Annual Payroll	\$12,040,271	\$10,968,405

CHEMICAL

CONDENSED EARNINGS STATEMENT

For Years Ended December 31

	1952		1951	
	Amount	Per Share*	Amount	Per Share**
Sales and Operating Revenues	\$86,625,282	\$28.67	\$86,466,609	\$32.13
Operating Charges, Interest, Etc. (Net)	72,082,857	23.32	67,525,583	25.09
Net Income Before Provision for Taxes on Income	16,542,425	5.35	18,941,026	7.04
Estimated Federal and State Taxes on Income	6,331,000	2.05	7,190,000	2.67
Net Income	\$10,211,425	\$ 3.30	\$11,751,026	\$ 4.37

* Based on 3,090,884 shares outstanding at end of 1952
** Based on 2,690,861 shares outstanding at end of 1951



For 1952 Annual Report, write Public Relations Dept., 802 Lion Oil Building, El Dorado, Arkansas.

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assistant when he became president, gave him ever-growing responsibility.

Thompson kept adding to its products. Now makes 80, boasts that the only one it ever had to drop was the automobile crank. It has helped develop such things as aircraft valves containing liquid sodium inside as a coolant; an engine valve cap that turns slightly with each strike, thus eliminating warping and pitting; an alcohol-water injection system to get more power out of gasoline; simplified valve tappets; improved fuel pumps and piston rings.

The jet age brought Thompson's biggest opportunity. The company's long experience in machining tough metals to fine tolerances made it a natural to turn out such small, exact and tough parts as the thousands of tiny blades needed for every jet engine. Through a big advance in metallurgy, Thompson now makes such blades out of powdered iron and a copper alloy, eliminating a great deal of waste. It has also succeeded in casting incredibly intricate parts by pouring mercury into a die, freeing it and dipping the mercury pattern in liquid ceramic to form a mold. Then the mercury is let run out at room temperature, and parts are cast from the ceramic mold.

Warm Relations. Crawford has been just as successful at handling human problems. Although union organizers denounced him, Crawford regarded himself as an old-fashioned liberal, who distrusted any encroachment on his freedom, including unions. "The more each person can take care of himself," says Crawford, "the stronger we'll be." He rewarded sensible suggestions from his workers, made swift promotions of promising men. He set up pensions, medical dispensaries, provided good food in company restaurants at cheap prices. He talked with workers to get their gripes, often made shop addresses to keep them informed. In such talks, Crawford likes to call the company "an Ol' Brown Hen," which will keep everybody warm if they keep her fat and feathered.

"The unions call me a fascist," says Crawford, "but I have nothing against unions per se. [He now has both A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions in companies he has bought.] But if a union merely wants our people just to increase its membership, it has no place here. But if a union leader can show me how to improve production, resulting in better wages, and increase workers' enthusiasm, I'll love him."

Says Individualist Crawford: "We try to create an atmosphere in which the brain takes wing. A man here can feel free to propose crazy things. We stimulate dreaming."

GOODS & SERVICES New Ideas

Male Plane. United Air Lines will start daily nonstop DC-6 flights on April 26 between New York and Chicago "for men only." *The Executive* will take off from New York at 5 p.m. E.S.T., while a similar eastbound flight will leave Chicago at

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TIME, APRIL 13, 1953

5 p.m. C.S.T. The only females aboard: two stewardesses, who will provide the latest market quotations, business publications, steak dinners and soft slippers. Cigar- and pipe-smoking, barred on most flights out of deference to women, will be "quite in order."

Poppier Jeep. A new civilian jeep was rolled out by Willys-Overland. Except for a higher hood, the body is little changed. But the four-cylinder engine has been stepped up 20% to 72 h.p. Price: \$1,376.90 plus tax.

Loan Life. The National City Bank of New York became the first bank to offer commercial borrowers life insurance covering the amount of their loans (up to \$10,000) without requiring a physical examination. The Prudential Insurance Co. will insure the loans, pay them off in the event of a borrower's death. Cost: \$33¢ a month per \$1,000.

Adjustable Diesel. The American Locomotive Co. and General Electric turned over to the Army Transportation Corps the first of 83 new diesel locomotives with adjustable wheels that permit them to run on standard U.S. (56 in.) gauge tracks as well as on wider gauge (up to 66 in.) tracks in foreign countries. The new locomotive has special heating equipment, enabling it to operate at 65° below zero.

MILESTONES

Married. Mattiwiida Dobbs, 27, coloratura soprano of Atlanta, Ga., who last month became the first Negro ever to win a principal role at La Scala opera house (*TIME*, March 16); and Luis Rodriguez García de la Piedra, 30, Spanish journalist; in Genoa, Italy.

Died. Anthony R. ("Tony") Gizzo, 52, Kansas City underworld bigshot; of a heart attack; in Dallas, where he had gone to visit son Robert Gizzo, jailed on a narcotics robbery charge. A sidekick of Political Mobster Charles Binaggio, who got his in a 1950 gang killing, Gizzo was named by the Senate crime investigators as the Capone mob's Kansas City gambling liaison man.

Died. Onetime King Carol II of Rumania, 59; of a heart attack; in exile at Estoril, Portugal (*see FOREIGN NEWS*).

Died. Asaf Ali, 64, India's first Ambassador to the U.S. (1947-48). Moslem husband of a firebrand Hindu socialist (Aruna Asaf Ali); of a heart attack; in Bern, Switzerland, where he served as Indian minister.

Died. Schuyler Merritt, 99, industrialist, nine-term (until 1936) Republican Congressman from Connecticut, and oldest Yale graduate (class of 1873); in Stamford, Conn. He campaigned for an express highway cutting through heavily traveled Connecticut, finally got a 37-mile, \$21 million, landscaped toll road which opened in 1938 as the Merritt Parkway.



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CINEMA

Box Office

Top moneymakers in movie houses during March, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *Peter Pan* (Walt Disney: RKO)
- 2) *Hans Christian Andersen* (Goldwyn: RKO)
- 3) *Moulin Rouge* (John Huston: United Artists)
- 4) *Come Back, Little Sheba* (Hal Wallis: Paramount)
- 5) *I Confess* (Hitchcock: Warner)

The New Pictures

Shane (Paramount) is as high-styled as Technicolor horse opera as moviegoers are likely to see this year. It tells the familiar old western yarn about the good guy v. the badmen. The mysterious stranger named Shane (Alan Ladd) befriends a couple of turn-of-the-century Wyoming homesteaders (Van Heflin and Jean Arthur) and their nine-year-old son (Brandon de Wilde). Having helped the "sodbusters" fight off a group of villainous cattlemen who are trying to grab their land, Shane just as mysteriously rides off into the blue distance.

This conventional screenplay has been filmed in entirely unconventional style by Producer-Director George (A *Place in the Sun*) Stevens. One of Hollywood's most painstaking craftsmen, Stevens for the first time has turned his individualistic director's talents to a western—and with striking results. From the opening shot, in which buckskin-clad Shane, a sort of blond Apollo of the plains, rides into view on a roan horse, the film is marked by the kind of distinctive, richly detailed picture-making that is scarcely ever lavished on the most high-toned movie drama, let alone a western.

Filed largely around Jackson Hole, Wyo., *Shane* bulges with authentic sights & sounds. As the yarn plunges forward, scene after scene hints at the pleasures and hardships of frontier life: homesteaders dancing and setting off homemade explosives at a July 4 party; bloody fist-fighting in a saloon; little girls solemnly watching a sow with her sucklings; the ring of hand axes against a stump; tumbleweed brushing the legs of jittery horses; a harmonica solo of taps as a pine coffin is lowered into a hilltop grave. Without recourse to tricky 3-D photography and Polaroid glasses, Stevens, with ordinary Technicolor camera and sound track, has given his flat old story a real third dimension of believability.

Van Heflin as the hard-working homesteader, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon de Wilde as their young son, who idolizes Shane, make the most of their roles. As hard-riding, straight-shooting Shane, Alan Ladd is the personification of all strong, silent western heroes. He is larger than life, more heroic than legend, the kind of man who is feared by men and loved by women, children and dogs. But he is not the sort to take advantage of the affections of a faithful wife and a small

boy. As Brandon de Wilde gazes adoringly after him, he mounts his horse and on his way. Beyond the jagged mountains, there are other wrongs to be righted.

The way Director Stevens has put it together, *Shane* adds up to something more than the sum of its individual parts. It almost rises above its stock material to become a sort of celluloid symphony of six-shooters and the wide open spaces.

Producer-Director George Cooper Stevens, 48, is a perfectionist who came up an odd way: at 19, he was the youngest cameraman in Hollywood, and his specialty was comedy (including 60 or more Laurel & Hardy and Harry Langdon shorts). Hal Roach made him a director (of shorts) in 1929, and Stevens moved



LADD & DE WILDE
A good guy shot straight.

on into feature-length pictures merely by stretching out his two-reelers. His first big hit was *Alice Adams* (1935), followed by such topnotchers as *Gunga Din*, *Woman of the Year*, *The Talk of the Town*, *A Place in the Sun*, *Something to Live For*.

A stubborn seeker after realism, Stevens relies heavily on a "reflective technique," i.e., an actor's reaction to a line or situation. At times he resorts to trickery to get the proper reaction. On *Shane*, one old standby worked perfectly with Villain Jack Palance, who seemed unable to turn on the right expression of amused contempt in one scene. Actor Elisha Cook Jr. had an angry line: "You're a no-good, lying Yankee!" Palance's facial expression carried too much contempt and not enough amusement. Finally, Stevens took Cook aside for a whispered moment. When the camera turned again, Cook read his

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line: "You're a no-good, lying Yankee—and a sonofabitch too!" Stevens got his take, and the extra epithet was merely cut out of the sound track later. At other times, Stevens is willing to sacrifice realism for graceful movement. As an ex-cameraman, he knows that a man getting off a horse looks better than a man mounting one; thus, he has been known to shoot his actor dismounting and then reverse the motion of the film.

For a man who has just brought in such a sure-fire moneymaker as *Shane* (cost of the picture: \$3,100,000), Stevens last week found himself, by a curious Hollywood paradox, without a job. *Shane* was his last picture for Paramount, which, like most companies, likes to have more say in a project than Stevens is willing to permit. "I don't think [big companies] see a motion picture for what it's worth. They see it only in terms of product..."



Director **STEVENS**
An old trick worked.

They don't consider what an attraction can be or should be [but] keep looking for assurances of having seen it before. That alone eliminates the possibility of a picture being interesting." Stevens plans to "go ahead and make another picture that suits my standards... When, how and where, I don't know... I'm taking my time now... When I look at Cecil B. DeMille (71), I realize you shouldn't even start to think of yourself as on top of your game till you're his age. I expect to be in pictures a long time."

By the Light of the Silvery Moon [Warner] has a couple of pleasant young people, Doris Day and Gordon MacRae, singing a number of pleasant old songs, e.g., *If You Were the Only Girl, My Home Town Is a One-Horse Town—but It's Big Enough for Me*, and the title tune. Unfortunately, there is also a screenplay. Too vaguely based on Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories, the picture

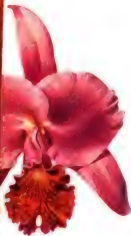


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unreels some foolishly romantic complications in a small Indiana town at the threshold of the Jazz Age. Among those present: a stuffy paterfamilias (Leon Ames), an understanding mother (Rosemary DeCamp), a comic maid (Mary Wickes), an unruly youngster (Billy Gray), a pet turkey named Gregory. With its sleighrides, ice-skating parties and other Technicolored bucolics, *By the Light of the Silvery Moon* is so relentlessly wholesome that moviegoers may wish for the Dead End kids to drop in.

Small Town Girl (M-G-M) is a Technicolored trifle about a playboy (Farley Granger) who is jailed for speeding through a small town. By Hollywood justice, he finds himself not only in the clutches of the law but also in the arms of the judge's pretty daughter (Jane Powell). She smuggles fried chicken and mince



ANN MILLER

Her fiancé preferred mince pie.

pie into his cell, regales him by singing *Small Towns Are Smile Towns*, and sneaks him out of jail for a night on New York town. This does not please the playboy's fiancée, Dancing Star Ann Miller. By the fadeout the playboy's 30-day jail sentence has been commuted, and he has the judge's daughter for life. The movie's most striking feature: a dance routine in which leggy Ann Miller taps her way among a disembodied orchestra surrealistically immersed in a musicomedy stage.

Off Limits (Paramount) casts durable Funnyman Bob Hope as a prizefight manager turned military policeman. Hope tangles with a frozen-faced sergeant (Eddie Mayehoff) and an apoplectic general, gets seasick watching his protégé, MP Mickey Rooney, box on board a battleship, masterminds a championship fight via walkie-talkie and falls for Rooney's beautiful aunt (Marilyn Maxwell), easily the best-looking aunt of the year. Making

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brief personal appearances in the picture Bing Crosby, Jack Dempsey, ex-Footballer Tom Harmon. The result, though no main movie event, is a fairly entertaining, lightweight preliminary.

Also Showing

Lone Hand (Universal-International) suggests a number of disquieting thoughts to horse-opera fans: Is Joel McCrea, a rugged hero who has been on the side of right in countless westerns, the varmint he seems to be in this particular oater? Is Joel in cahoots with a bunch of badmen who are holding up stagecoaches, robbing express offices and murdering sheriffs? And will Joel, as a result, lose the affections of his worshipping young son (Jimmy Hunt) and adoring wife (Barbara Hale)?

Such questions are not to be answered lightly, and *Lone Hand* answers them slowly and laboriously. But Joel is no bad man, pardner. By the fadeout, love, justice, righteousness—as well as Hollywood type-casting—have been vindicated.

The Bandits of Corsica (Global Productions; United Artists) has another go at the creaking old dual-identity plot. This time Richard Greene is cast as 1) a gypsy knife thrower, and 2) a dashing nobleman who espouses circa 1850 the cause of Corsican freedom against French Tyrant Raymond Burr. It seems that the nobleman and the gypsy are Siamese twins. Though severed by surgery, they are still tied to each other by a strange spiritual bond. Before long, the twins join forces against the tyrant who finds himself seeing double. Additional complications set in when twin No. 1 (the gypsy) develops a more than spiritual interest in the beautiful wife (Paula Raymond) of twin No. 2. With its wealth of ambushes, ambushes, assaults and assassinations, *The Bandits of Corsica* could scarcely have any more hackneyed action if the heroes were triplets.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 21).

Lili. A slight but charming cinemal about an orphan girl, a young magician and a romantic puppeteer; with Leslie Caron, Jean Pierre Aumont, Mel Ferrer (TIME, March 6).

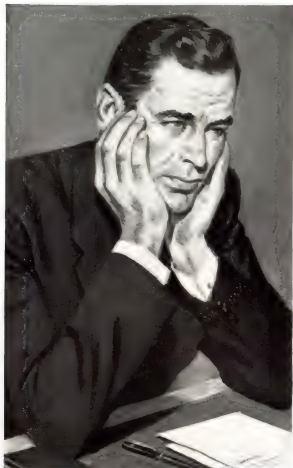
Peter Pan. Walt Disney's lighthearted, feature-length cartoon adaptation of J. M. Barrie's fantasy (TIME, Feb. 21).

Moulin Rouge. John Huston's strikingly Technicolored film about the life & loves of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' play about an unhappy twelve-year-old girl; with Julie Harris and Ethel Waters in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 29).

Come Back, Little Sheba. Burt Lancaster as a reformed drunk and Oscar-Winner ("Best Actress") Shirley Booth as his slatternly wife (TIME, Dec. 29).

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BOOKS

Among the Mad

STRANGE LAUGHTER (214 pp.)—*Pierre Molaine—Roy* [\$3].

There were four of them in the mental ward. Old Max would imagine that he smelled the scent of pines, and he would be back on Hill 299, fighting the Boche. Coselli listened to the charge of wild horses in his head. Bébert, a veteran of the Spanish civil war, kept hearing the laughter of the dead. The fourth patient, "the Druid," constantly saw beside him the head of Christ, crowned with thorns and bleeding.

Old Max broke loose one day. Shouting that he heard "the organs playing in Hell," he began to crush the others in gigantic bear hugs. A little later he blacked Coselli's eye, bit Bébert's thigh, stamped on a watch and swallowed some of the shattered glass. When the guards subdued him, he took the calming injections with gloomy dignity.

So begins *Strange Laughter*, a French novel which devotes itself, with a kind of savage pity, to the mind of the mad. Novelist Molaine (in real life Major Léopold Faure, a professional soldier in the French army) unrolls his story in the disorderly, sometimes brilliant voices of the patients themselves.

Bébert, struggling up the road to recovery, falls in love with a nurse named Jany. Old Max sinks deeper into his fantasies. Coselli spends days weeping over the portrait of his son, "little Guy Charles Stéphane Coselli"—though he has no son. Coselli does have a wife, however; the nurse Jany, who has come to work in the hospital to be near him. Tangled together in their nightmares and obsessions, Bébert and Coselli make their escape from

the hospital, frantically trying to assert themselves as free men.

Toward the end, the violence of language and action becomes somewhat wearisome. But the book is redeemed by Novelist Molaine's deep sense of fraternity with the poor wretches about whom he writes, his admiration for that dim, human feeling which keeps Old Max and Coselli together in a brotherly embrace even as they surrender to their manias. "one barking, the other whinnying, one a dog, the other a horse." And the wild, rhetorical prayer that Bébert casts up in his misery also speaks for Novelist Molaine: "Father, here we are in the ooze, inert as fishes spawning. Our souls scent the mud, and our eyes are gradually closing to the light from the bank . . . Lighten us and regenerate us in the depths where we lie. Save us from darkness and the plague. Let us be filled with that better life towards which we yearn with palpitating gills . . . And take pity on our small fry. Amen."

Roaring 50s

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM (169 pp.)—*Ogden Nash—Little, Brown* [\$3].

There have been persistent reports that Ogden Nash, long aged 30, had decided to enter his 50s and assume a middle-aged spread. The rumors are now confirmed by Poet Nash (born 1902) himself. Poem after poem in this new collection indicates a deliberate relapse into maturity; a new horizon shows both in waist and vision, along with such signal quirks as a grumpy dislike for opinionated young men and a difficulty in reading the phone book without glasses. There is even a blunt admission that when a man reaches his 50s he inclines to cast aside his jackboots and reach for his slippers.

When I was young I was Roland and Oliver,

Nathan Hale and Simón Bolívar.

*Today I would rather side-step trouble
And be healthy, wealthy and comfortable.*

What middle age has not withered is Poet Nash's determination to do his work with craftsmanship.

*I am a conscientious man, when I throw
rocks at sea birds I leave no tern unstoned.*

*I am a meticulous man, and when I port-
ray baboons I leave no stern unstoned.*

Which means that in *The Private Dining Room*, Nash does his utmost to portray life with the mingled tolerance and grouching that follow an obligatory loosening of the belt. He finds, for example, that there is very little satisfaction in talking with the younger generation:

They don't know Hagen from Bobby Jones,

*They never heard Al Smith,
Even Red Grange is beyond their range,
And Dempsey is a myth . . .*



POET NASH
No tern unstoned.

*I'm tired of defining hadn't oughts
To opposition mulish,
The thoughts of youth are long long
thoughts,
And Jingo! Aren't they foolish!*

But he has come to believe that, give a lot, take a little, men can get along with women:

*And the battle of the sexes can be a
most
enjoyable scrimmage
If you'll only stop trying to create
woman in your own image.*

Under the elderly slouch, the authentic Nash stance is still evident. It is that of a poet who has provoked so many chuckles by stating good sense in metrical nonsense that many readers have never paused to appraise the discipline, economy and pungency of the Nash poem at its best. One of the best in this collection is *The Visit*. Here, in two dozen lines, is the whole armor of Ogden Nash—the sardonic side glance, the aptly distorted word, the poised cold shoulder, the burial of victims in clichés of their own choosing.

*She welcomes him with pretty im-
providence*

*And a cry of Greetings and salutations!
To which remark, no laggard, he
Ripostes with a Long time no see.
Recovering her poise full soon,
She bids him Anyhow, sit ye down,
And settling by the fireside,
He chuckles, Thank you, kind sir, she
cried.*

*Snug as a bug, the cup he waits
That cheers but not inebriates.
She offers him a truly ducal tea,
Whipped up, she says, with no dif-
ficulty.*

*A miracle, if I didn't know you,
He says—It only shows to go you.
Eying her o'er the fragrant brew,
He tells her her smile is picturesque,*



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And now he whispers, a bit pajamaly,
That he's fed to the teeth with his
whole jam family,
Perhaps she'll forgive an old man's
crotchety

And visit Bermuda on his yacht.
She says she might, despite Dame Ru-
mor.

Because he is a who than whom none is
whommer.

He sidles close, but no cigar—
Until the yacht, au reservoir.

Mildly Mock-Archaic

MEN LIKE SHADOWS [343 pp.]—Dorothy Charques — Coward-McCann (\$3.75).

The boar, an old one and cunning, broke cover near the chalk pit and charged straight for the line of trees that hid its edge. After him clattered the whole hunt—King Richard the Lion Heart in the lead. At the rim of the chalk pit the boar pivoted and scuttled off to safety, while the beguiled lead hounds fell yelping into space.

"Christ, oh Christ . . . the King's horse!" cried a looker-on. "No one can check him!" At that instant John of Oversley, a young English squire, shouted to his friend Robert of Kinwarton: "Shoot, Robert . . . shoot to turn the King's horse!" Robert shot. The arrow sang before the startled eyes of the charger and he reared back. And so, as Author Dorothy Charques tells it, King Richard was preserved to go on the Third Crusade, and Squires John and Robert, as their reward, got a chance to go along in his personal entourage. *Men Like Shadows* is Squire John's story of their adventures.

Author Charques' novel is not quite a match for two splendid masterpieces of historical fiction recently produced by other Englishwomen: *The Golden Hand*, by Edith Simon, and *The Man on a Donkey*, by H. F. M. Prescott. Yet it has the charm of a hearty good story, and if the style is mildly mock-archaic, it is pretty good in its pretense.

Fever Dew in Sicily. King Richard gathers his host at Vézelay in France, and there the two squires meet a brilliant young Frenchman, Guy de Passy. John is puzzled by the fellow, Robert not. "It is this manner of the great world about him that astonishes and charms you," he says to John. "I think he rates us lowly . . . myself discontented and half a monk; you a staunch simpleton . . . I would say he is one of those people who may perish of their own cleverness."

The three meet again in Sicily, where King Richard pauses for a while; and Robert, John and Guy pass a languishing time in the bower of the Lady Melisande des Prâux, of Richard's court: "We trod on velvet there, on turf that some miracle of watering had kept soft and green as a nursery lawn, past tall late lilies and dark cypress trees, down tiled paths between beds of yellow and red roses, at last to a colonnade of white fluted columns, the earth between set thick with violet leaves."

Robert's brow is the first to take a fever dew for this *belle dame sans merci*,

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and soon the two are sighing full sore. John begins to thirst after the lady, too but being a practical fellow, queaches himself at her serving maid. Guy comes along a little later and makes such a pretty leg that the tickle fair forgets all about Robert, who takes, in his turn, to the consolations of religion. Soon, though, it's dash away all to the Holy Land, and the drums of war drawn out the *viola d'amore*.

Doffodils in England. At *St. George's* Acre, John surprises Guy in the act of lousing a carrier pigeon, and realizes that all the Frenchman's cynicism was not just words; the rascal is dealing with the enemy. Guy takes flight, and the Lady Melisande, alas, goes after him. Robert and John and King Richard all have plenty of troubles after that: Robert never does live to return home.

Guy has a rather steep steepedown—in the end he jumps off a cliff. John, a much



Anthony American

NOVELIST CHARLES

An arrow saved King Richard.

wiser young squire, gets home to England, where all ends with a nice, bucolic chirrup: "The kingrups and the wild daffodils were out in the water meadows; from the dovecot came the sudden passion and stir of wings." And Elfrida, the girl John left behind him, "had grown tall; under the sun she showed satin-fair."

Solid Citizen

Portrait of an American (344 pp.)—Bascom N. Timmons—Holt (\$5).

Longfellow never wrote it, but he owed the great-great-grandfather of Charles Gates Dawes a poem. On the night when Paul Revere "spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm" between Charlestown and Lexington, William Dawes was rousing the sleepy colonists between Boston and Concord. In recent American history, the Dawes name has been hitched to three things—a pipe, a plan and a peppery phrase. The pipe was

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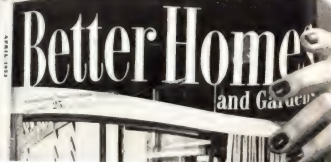
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Kind words about your product win friends and customers for you. Unfavorable opinions can drive business away. It is essential, therefore, to plant good ideas about your product if you want to reap a profitable crop of sales and good will.

The Ideal Way

The most effective way to impress people with the value of your product is to tell them the *full story* of its advantages. Tell them point by point, feature by feature, emphasizing both major and minor details.

This task can best be done for you in print: with attractive booklets, brochures, broadsides, folders, catalogs. In print you can describe, illustrate and document all the facts your prospects need to know. Once people are familiar with these facts, they can form favorable opinions about your product and pass them on to others.

Your Ally — A Good Printer

When you decide to put your full

story in print, please remember this: your staunchest ally in the planning and creation of effective selling literature is a good printer. He can do his best work for you only if you call him in early, *right at the very start*. Then he can apply his expert judgment and craftsmanship every step of the way.

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Printing Papers

a low, underslung affair that traveled the smoke along a 15-inch channel, the plan was a reparations agreement that helped put Germany on its feet in 1924-1925 and the phrase was "Hell and Maria."

Biographer Bascom Timmons, veteran Washington correspondent, uses these springboards to dive into the deeper waters of the man's character and career as lawyer, banker, statesman, philanthropist and Coolidge's Vice President. Unfortunately, Author Timmons spends most of his time splashing around amid the floating debris of Dawes's public speeches and old newspaper headlines. The impact of *Portrait of an American* is not so much that of memorable biography as that of a



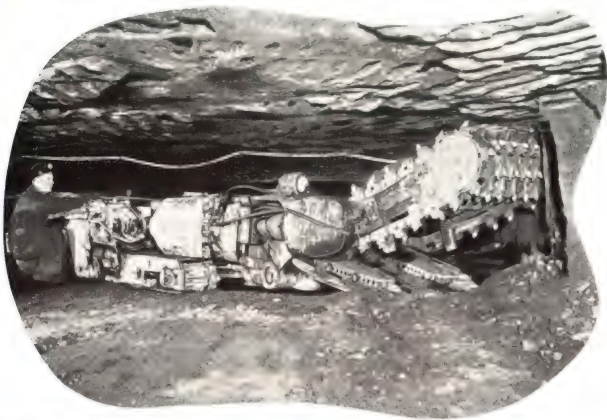
CHARLES GATES DAWES
A pipe, a plan and a phrase.

memorable man who put "Is it right?" before "Will it pay?"

Steady Job Without Pay. Charles Dawes's bedrock integrity never led him into a silly contempt for money. In 1880, when his father was running for Congress, young Charley, 15, startled his staunch Republican family by parading past their Marietta, Ohio home tooting a flute in the opposition band. It was, he explained airily when he got home, a purely professional appearance for which he had received one silver dollar.

His taste for selfless public service showed up early. As a young lawyer making his way in Lincoln, Neb., he became counsel for the Lincoln Board of Trade, and soon tangled with the railroads over discriminatory freight rates. He never asked for or received a fee in these freight-rate cases. "It is a good, steady job without pay," he wrote philosophically. Described on an 1889 list of eligible bachelors as an "antimonopoly agitator" with

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the "neatest mustache in Lincoln," Dawes fluttered the hearts of the local belles. But his own heart belonged then, and for the next 62 years, to Caro Blymyer, a dark-eyed Cincinnati girl who was a direct descendant of Miles Standish.

The next few years brought Dawes a son and daughter, success as a lawyer, choice property purchases, and a directorship of the leading Lincoln bank. When the panic of '93 struck, no depositor of the Lincoln bank lost a dime, but Dawes had to borrow \$300,000 to keep the bank afloat.

Too Much for Mules? In 1896, Presidential Candidate McKinley asked Dawes to handle his campaign funds. Dawes raised and spent the formidable sum of \$1,562,125.50. From then on, U.S. Presidents got the habit of calling on Charley Dawes. In World War I, he handled the purchase of more than ten million ship tons of supplies for Europe. Under Harding, he was an economizing Director of the Budget, ran his own bureau for almost half of its \$225,000 appropriation ("We took our own medicine"). Under Hoover, he served as Ambassador to Britain and helped to draft the Administration's war-debt moratorium after the '29 crash.

Once asked to rate the Presidents he had known, Dawes said of the four he most admired: "Cleveland—courage; McKinley—quiet effectiveness; Wilson—intellect; and William Howard Taft—principle and usefulness." Dawes himself was a blend of precisely these qualities plus another—salty common sense. Testifying before a hostile congressional investigating committee after World War I on his role as purchasing agent for the A.E.F., Dawes was asked: "Is it not true that excessive prices were paid for mules?"

"Hell and Maria!" the reporters thought they heard Dawes exclaim. Then he continued: "I would have paid horse prices for sheep if the sheep could have pulled artillery to the front!" Timmons insists that the expletive the reporters thought they heard was merely a nice-Nellyism from his Nebraska days. "Helen Maria!" But the phrase caught fire in its former version, followed Dawes the rest of his life.

A "By-Golly Man." Actually, as he said himself, he was much more of a "mild hy-golly sort of a man" who loved such homely pleasures as playing *Tra la Toot* on the flute for his wife. With the coming of the New Deal, Dawes did not want, and was not asked, to share the political lime light. "Unhurried and unharried," he spent part of each day at his board-chairman's desk at the Chicago bank he helped to found, the City National Bank and Trust Co. In the evenings, he pored over Greek and Roman history in his library. To a visitor who joined him there, Dawes said "If I did . . . give my views publicly . . . it would be in the shape of a five-word prayer for all of us: 'God give us common sense.'"

On April 23, 1951, close to his 86th birthday, Dawes was sitting in his library again. Caro Dawes came in. He looked up from his chair, smiled gently at her, sank back and died.

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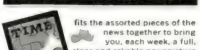
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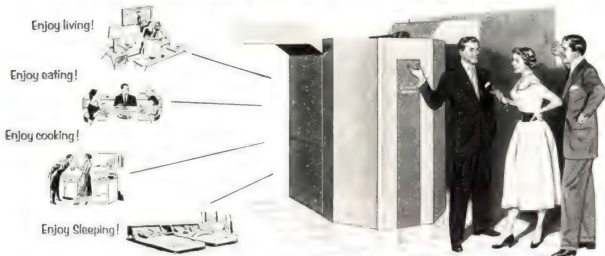


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As Ye Sow. In Plainfield, Ind., Farmer Raymond Heald got fed up with townspeople throwing beer bottles, tin cans and garbage in his fields. "gave them back what they'd been giving me" by dumping a load of garbage in front of the town hall, was acquitted of committing a misdemeanor by a jury which included eight farmers.

Life with Father. In South Bend, Ind., Frank Spiteri ended in jail after he stormed into the store where his 10-year-old son Mezerino worked, beat him with a pipe, cried: "This is for the 18 years I've been feeding you!"

Pure Havana. In Portland, Ore., Thomas Crawford told police that two strangers had hypnotized him by blowing cigar smoke into his face, then got him to draw \$1,100 from his bank account and give them the money.

Compatibility. In Fort Scott, Kans., Robert Locke and Beverly Key took out a marriage license. In Miami, Elizabeth Coffin announced her engagement to Lloyd Graves.

Unsafe Deposit. In Muncie, Ind., Supermarket Owner Lester Muster, trying to outwit burglars, kept his money in a wastebasket instead of a drawer, until an employee checked \$10.08 in cash and checks into a fire while cleaning up.

Moving Day. In El Paso, an entire cinder-block wall, complete with aluminum lettering, was stolen from a city swimming pool.

Sales Campaign. In Reno, police arrested Radiator Repairman Verle Wilbur and three teen-age boys, said Wilbur had hired the boys to punch holes in the radiators of 35 to 50 parked cars.

Bug-Eared. In Santa Fe, N. Mex., telephone service in the state capital was halted while fumigators got rid of the bedbugs in the main switchboard.

Cold Farewell. In Albany, Ore., the Greater Oregon ran an unsigned classified ad: "If the man who went rushing out the front door of my house the other night without any clothes on will call at my office, he can have his clothes and no questions asked."

Speeder's Digest. In Trumbull, Conn., Victor Hovey, arrested for doing 70 m.p.h. on the Merriitt Parkway, told the judge he had not realized how fast he was going because he had become engrossed by his wife's reading of a magazine article on the perils of speeding.

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Should a Businessman Be Educated?

U.S. business is talking a great deal these days about its need for more broadly-educated men. More and more frequently, executives are heard to say that they can (within certain obvious limitations) create their own "specialists" after they hire them, that what they need and can't create is men with a decent general education.

"The specialization is shocking," a company president complained to a recent gathering. "We're all obsessed with expertise." In management conferences, executive training clinics, and business-education get-togethers, others make the same point: overspecialization, is robbing business of potential top-management material.

The trend toward more and more undergraduate specialization can be readily documented. FORTUNE has just surveyed fifty colleges and universities and the results show that students are taking, and colleges are giving, less fundamental education than ever before. Businessmen are rightfully alarmed.

And who is to blame? The fact is that business itself is largely to blame.

Who wants to be impractical?

Business posts its demands on higher education through its personnel recruiters. This month recruiters from some 600 companies are on the nation's campuses competing for the class of '53's top talents. The specifications that the recruiter is bringing to this task show that the going market for men with a broad general education, particularly the liberal-arts majors, is not nearly so reassuring as are the words of top management.

Yale is a case in point. In 1952, only sixteen of the 117 manufacturing companies that reserved interviewing space even alluded to B.A. graduates in their presentations. Slightly more hope was given liberal-arts students by eleven banks, twenty-one insurance companies, and sixteen department stores.

In other colleges the story is much the same. Of the first 200 recruiters to visit Johns Hopkins University this year, 145 were actively seeking engineers, thirty-nine wanted other kinds of specialists. Only sixteen were willing to have a look at liberal-arts majors.

From the job-hunting seniors, underclassmen soon get the word. The recruiter's employment specifications are read as a measure of the rewards and expectations of business; the whole campus has been put on notice that the "impractical" liberal-arts education does not pay off. As one placement officer puts it, "the student who is trained to think in words, who can write, who has interest in and some understanding of our complicated world," gets the impression he is just about useless to industry.

Some businessmen think it's time that education started talking back—and for business' as well as education's sake. "It is the broader-gauged man who is scarce," says Gulf Oil's President Sidney Swensrud, "the man who sees beyond today's job, the man who knows his fundamentals well and learns the details as he needs them . . . The men who come into management must understand the whole sweep of modern economic, political, and social life."

Technical training is not enough

And some businessmen have started doing something about it. Among these is Frank Abrams, board chairman of Jersey Standard, who is promoting business support for colleges through the new Council for Financial Aid to Education, not just because the tax schedules make it relatively cheap to do so but because of "the substantial contribution which higher education has made and is making to the effectiveness, the skill, the growth and the success of American business and to the development of this country . . ."

Joining in the campaign with Abrams are General Motors' Chairman Alfred P. Sloan Jr., Chairman Walter Paepeke of Container Corp., Chairman Henry W. Prentiss Jr. of Armstrong Cork, and Irving Olds, U.S. Steel's retired board chairman. Says Olds: "The most difficult problems American Enterprise faces today are neither scientific nor technical, but lie chiefly in the realm of what is embraced in a liberal-arts education."

Whatever the long-range answers to these problems may turn out to be, the immediate remedies are fairly clear. For one thing, business should reduce its demands on the colleges for specialists, even if this involves paying for greater on-the-job training opportunities. Second, corporations ought to give more generous financial support to the private liberal-arts college, now the principal buttress against overspecialization. Third, top businessmen sitting on college and university boards will have to give at least moral impetus to general-education programs in undergraduate schools. As Frank Abrams puts it, "The need for technically trained people was probably never greater than it is now. At the same time, we were never more aware that technical training is not enough by itself."

Condensed from the April issue of

Fortune

*the magazine of
business leadership*

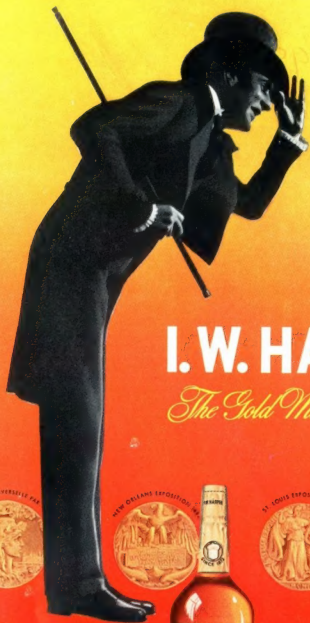


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